The Nation.

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The Week.

Are the Cubans merely innocent, or are they slyly malicious, in their report agreeing to the acceptance of the Platt amendment? Whichever they are, they have left Secretary Root looking uncommonly foolish. All his private assurances to the delegates who went to Washington, all his labored explanations of the intent of the Platt amendment, they have incorporated in the majority report and propose to make a part of the binding agreement between Cuba and the United States! This is accepting the amendment "substantially" with a vengeance. Who is Mr. Root? He is a secretary. He has no more authority to interpret an act of Congress than has Laura Jean Libbey. But, says the Cuban report, he was "authorized by President McKinley" to bind the United States to a certain interpretation of the Platt amendment. Then, we ask, who is President McKinley? He is an executive of the law, not its interpreter, an official here to-day and gone to-morrow, one who has made it plain that his promises do not bind even his own Administration, and who has not the slightest power to fetter the action of his successor. Yet these men assume to speak for the United States, and the Cubans think, or pretend to think, that their words are law!

"It is understood," say the Cubans gravely, on the strength of Secretary Root's confidential explanations, that any intervention in Cuba under the Platt amendment "shall always be the act of the United States, and not of isolated agents." What is an act of the United States? If it is a law of Congress, signed by the President, do the Cubans imagine that any such formality would be waited for if an occasion for intervening arose? Suppose an American syndicate in Cuba should get up a riot or be attacked by a mob, and call upon the President to intervene, would he wait to summon Congress in extra session? We trow not. He would promptly send troops, and point to the Platt amendment for his authority. And that would be his authority of law, against which all these "understandings" of Mr. Root and the Cubans would not avail for a moment. And who are the "isolated agents" that are never to lift a finger? No man knows. If Mr. McKinley should shut himself up in the White House, he would come under the definition of an isolated agent, but he would act, and act quickly, if the need of intervention arose. And how can there be that kind of intervention which Secretary Root made the guileless Cubans think was alone contemplated—an intervention which would not at all "interfere with the Cuban Government"? How can you assert supreme authority in any country, and yet not interfere with the supreme authority? It is all such gammon that it looks as if the Cuban report had set out deliberately to make Mr. Root ridiculous.

The minority report, however, is, if possible, still harder upon him. It includes a solemn undertaking by Cuba to "help the United States enforce the Monroe Doctrine." This is really an insult; but Secretary Root exposed us to it by telling the Cubans that the Monroe Doctrine is not recognized as a part of international law, and that, therefore, we could not make it the basis of Cuban independence of foreign Powers. As a matter of fact, we have always done so, and, international law or not, we have always asserted our determination to maintain the Monroe Doctrine in the face of a world in arms. But now we find it among the things which Secretary Root gave away (including himself) in his efforts to wheedle the Cubans into accepting the Platt amendment. So we suffer the humiliation of having 1,500,000 Cubans, without army or navy, generously coming forward to "help" 76,000,000 proud Americans to maintain their fixed national policy. It is high time that the shades of the immortal Monroe paid a visit to the War Department.

The *Times* feels confident that Secretary Root did not tell the Cuban Commissioners that the naval stations of the United States in Cuba would never be used as vantage points of intervention. "Nor," it continues, "did he [Root] give them any explanation or interpretation of the law save to point out its plain meaning." This raises a question of veracity. The report of the Commissioners recites in detail certain promises which Mr. Root gave them verbally. In order to make a permanent record of them and to hold the United States responsible for them, they propose to have them added as an appendix to the Constitution of Cuba. Is it probable that these high officials invented the promises which they say that the American Secretary gave them by the authority of the President? At all events, nobody's denial that he gave them will be accepted except his own. If he allows the record of the Cuban Commissioners to go uncontradicted, it will pass into history as it now stands.

Whether or not it is "the first time in the world's history that the invaded have begged the invaders to remain on their soil," no American could read in Tuesday's dispatches the tribute of all classes in Pekin to our retiring army, without a thrill that the Chinese imbroglio has rarely evoked. The wise moderation of our diplomatic policy and the admirable conduct of our officers and the soldiers on the spot have been the occasion of much misunderstanding, and even of indignant protest, on the part of some of the other Powers. It is enough that our troops carry away from Pekin the good wishes and regrets of those whom they have temporarily governed. All this is matter for unqualified congratulation, and Provost-Marshals Major Robertson and Capt. Tillson have won as honorable a name as can be gained in reckless charge or desperate escalade. It would be easy to misconstrue the situation, to argue that since our temporary rule has been beneficent to the Chinese, we have assumed a responsibility that we may not with honor put off. How little can such a sophistry stand before the brave and friendly reply of Capt. Tillson to his two thousand memorialists:

> "The United States does not maintain an army for the purpose of furnishing the city of Pekin with good municipal government, and as a business proposition your appeal for the United States forces to remain longer in Pekin has little to stand upon."

These will be hard words to many, and Capt. Tillson himself felt impelled to hint at "broader principles of humanity" which might delay his departure. But the broader principle is more likely to require that the Chinese work out their destiny in the Chinese way than that they should continue under European tutelage, at their own expense.

Minister Conger said, with much force, in his speech before the Asiatic Society on Thursday night, that it is necessary to clear our minds of the notion that a great trade is to be had in China for the asking. Some persons seem to think that an open door to the commerce of 400,000,000 people means the immediate sale to each benighted Chinaman of a suit of clothes, a piano, and an automobile. Unfortunately, the statistics of Chinese trade, for a half-century back, negative these golden dreams, and show only a small though steady advance in foreign commerce. What else is to be expected in dealing with swarming millions who have, judging by our standards, neither wants nor resources? The well-known French institution, the Crédit Lyonnais, has been for several years carrying on an expert investigation into the possibilities of Chinese trade. It sent out technical agents and employed skilled merchants,

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who gathered together a great mass of valuable and probably unique material. Now what was the answer drawn from it as to the question whether the commercial openings in China would, within a reasonable time, justify the founding of a Chinese branch of the Crédit Lyonnais? It was an answer clearly in the negative. This conclusion is one in which a man of such old experience in China as Sir Robert Hart agrees. At the same time he and the others who know most about the subject are confident that in cautious and judicious ways a large and profitable Chinese trade can be built up.

President McKinley assured the San Francisco workingmen on Saturday that all his public life had been devoted to effort to "give the workingmen the best opportunity, the best chance for good wages and steady employment." But is his present effort to invade foreign markets consistent with the desire for such good wages? Not if what he said in 1890 is true. He then laid down plainly the only conditions under which, in his judgment, we could "invade the world's market." There would have to be, he affirmed, with that beautiful lucidity just extolled by Senator Hoar to the Home Market Club, a "levelling down through every channel"; "our habits of living would have to be changed"; "our *wages cut 50 per cent.* or upwards"; "harsher conditions and greater sacrifices would be demanded of the masses." "With me," added the introducer of the McKinley Bill, "this is a deep conviction, not a theory." Who would have expected that scholar to be going up and down the land in less than eleven years, preaching the urgent need of foreign markets? If he was right then, he is wrong now. We believe, it is needless to say, that he was wrong then and is right now. His present mistake, however, is to refer to his past record in such matters. It contains awful artillery enfilading his position of to-day. But then, we know that politicians of a certain class will never get over a readiness "life-long convictions to extemporize."

The people of Buffalo are to be congratulated on the formal opening of their great Pan-American Exposition on Monday last. They may, with entire confidence, appeal to the country for support of their undertaking, not only because the Exposition offers to the individual a large return for a comparatively small outlay of time and money, but because it is a display of public spirit worthy of hearty encouragement. This Exposition surpasses its predecessors in several important respects. Throughout the grounds the limitation of space has generally resulted in a very careful selection of exhibits. Then, too, the Federal Government, profiting by its experience in former expositions, and availing itself of material acquired in the Spanish war, has made its exhibit more attractive than ever before. The recent remarkable developments in the construction of vehicles of all kinds gives the exhibition in the Transportation Building great distinction. The electrical display, for which the power is supplied from Niagara, is likewise unrivalled. But more interesting, perhaps, than anything else, is the special collection of products from the whole continent, an ocular demonstration of the enormous variety and richness of the resources of the two Americas. And the Exposition includes not merely the products of the soil and the mechanic arts, but of the fine arts as well. Most visitors, however, will carry away, not so much a memory of individual features, as a general impression of the buildings and grounds. Some of the best architects of the country have been employed, and they have been eminently successful. In a space a mile long by half a mile wide, they have arranged buildings, lakes, canals, gardens, and lawns in a beautiful and harmonious whole. The scene at night, when on every building the principal lines of wall, roof, and decorations are brought out in rows of incandescent lamps, is one of marvellous splendor.

The news from Washington that Secretary Hay is inclined to look more favorably than heretofore on the Panama Canal, will be received more calmly now than it could have been at any former time in the growth of public opinion on the Canal question. The Hepburn bill, which passed the House while the Canal Commission was still at work on its survey, was not the result of any matured opinion on the merits of the two canal projects, or on the Hay-Pauncefote treaty, or on any rational motive under the sun. It was an explosion of gas that had been accumulating for a quarter of a century. The force of the explosion has been largely dissipated, and a time has come when we can approach the subject with something like an open mind. Hitherto it has been assumed that the Panama Canal, being a French project, was hostile to us, and must, therefore, be thwarted at every opportunity. Even the bankruptcy of the Lesseps Company did not satisfy us. We wanted to have punishment visited upon the Panama concern after death, and this feeling of animosity contributed its quota to the vote for the Hepburn bill. Now that the fumes of the outburst in Congress have passed away, there is a chance to see the real merits of the question, and it is facilitated by the offer of the Colombian Government to put us on the same footing at Panama as Nicaragua offers us in her territory. The people of the United States, who are to pay the bill, have to ask themselves only the question which route is the best, the cheapest, the quickest of attainment. Granted that we can have our choice on equal terms as to ownership, title, control, which of the two would a syndicate of capitalists elect to put its money into?

The violent strike of street-car men at Albany has been settled, the union having yielded the main point at issue. Naturally and properly, these grave labor troubles have revived discussion as to the feasibility of adopting some system by which similar difficulties may be avoided in future. Every year makes it seem more intolerable to the public that a great system of transportation should be disturbed, and the convenience of a whole city interfered with for days, and even weeks, because a controversy over terms of work has arisen between employers and employed. Popular feeling is strongly in favor of arbitration, and a voluntary recourse by both sides to that way of settlement is always hailed with enthusiasm. But this is sometimes out of the question. In the Albany case, for example, it was simply not to be thought of that the employers should admit the slightest doubt as to their position on the fundamental demand of the employees—that several faithful and satisfactory men should be discharged because they refused to join the union. The managers of the company would have been false to their duty as citizens if they had consented to arbitrate such a question—it would be like arbitrating the issue whether a man accused of no crime has a right to life and liberty.

A mass meeting was held in Cooper Union on Thursday evening to censure the Court of Appeals for two decisions which are construed to be inimical to labor. One of the decisions was on the Prevailing-Rate-of-Wages Law, the other on the State Stone-Dressing Law, both of which were held by the court to be unconstitutional. The usual speeches were made in denunciation of the judges as the tools of capital; and those who took part in the meeting exhorted each other to see to it that better men are elected to the bench hereafter. As there happened to be a strike and a riot going on at Albany, where the Twenty-third Regiment, a Brooklyn organization, had been called into active service, a large part of the wrath which had been bottled up for the judges was discharged at the soldiers. They were called whipper-snappers, counter-jumpers, and various other names of ignominy. It was assumed by the speakers that they had gone to Albany to shoot down the strikers at the instance of capitalists, and in the service of oppressors of human kind, and because they liked that kind of sport. But everybody knows that they went in obedience to the law of the State

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and to their oath of duty, and that they went against their private inclinations.

While there is nothing disquieting in the resumption of gold exports from New York to Europe, the circumstances offer a good deal of curious interest. It is pretty well understood by this time that New York is at present a centre for international redistribution of gold, in much the same way that London has long been. We ship gold to France or England either because we have more balances on hand than are just now needed, or because the European markets need them more than we do. If we could not spare this gold, we certainly should not send it. There is, however, a somewhat unusual combination of events which has served to facilitate the movement. To begin with, our New York bankers lately bought $50,000,000 worth of consols from the British Exchequer, and these are being paid for. Then, in connection with the recent "corner" incident, extremely heavy purchases have been made by New York of London's Northern Pacific holdings. Finally—and this is no doubt the more immediately important influence—Paris bankers have underwritten an $80,000,000 Russian Government loan, and are recalling their credit balances for the purpose. Probably this situation alone would not have affected us, because this country owes little or nothing to France on balance, while Paris has plenty of European credits of its own. But the very fact that these Paris balances—many of which had been loaned out in the London market—are now being called in, has naturally caused a void in the Lombard Street supply, which American capital is quietly filling. As might have been expected, the gold movement is arranged by shipment direct from New York to Paris. By this means, Paris credits London with the payment of the recalled French capital, and London credits New York with the requisite new advances.

One fact in the general financial situation was conclusively proved by the recent Northern Pacific corner. Whatever else might be argued or denied regarding the incident, it indicated beyond dispute the existence of an unparalleled amount of capital, subject to the immediate demand of bankers. An operation involving the acquisition not only of $80,000,000 common stock, but also of the greater part of $75,000,000 preferred, speaks for itself on this point. The conclusion suggested by the virtual corner of last week's Chicago corn market is exactly similar. Corners in grain usually result from a sudden and unexpected deficiency in supplies, as a result of which contracts for future delivery, based on a different expectation, become impossible of fulfilment. In such case, the operator holding even a limited share of these cornered contracts may exact what terms he pleases. Something like this occurred on the New York market, after the corn crop failure of 1894. Until midsummer that year the crop had promised well; but the blight of July and August destroyed more than one-fourth of it; contractors could not "cover," and the New York price had by September risen from 45 to 65 cents per bushel.

The present crop position, however, is not at all analogous to that of 1894. There was no failure or deficiency in the last corn crop season; the actual yield was in fact the largest in four years, and the fourth largest in our history. As for the crop of 1901, that is as yet hardly planted. Even the so-called "visible supply" in American storehouses stands at seventeen million bushels, which is larger to-day by 1,100,000 bushels than it was a year ago, when corn sold for barely half as much per bushel as it brought on May 15 at Chicago. Yet Mr. Phillips's Chicago "corner" appears to have been as complete in its way as any in the history of the trade, and he has been able to ask his own price from the unhappy "shorts" for refraining from driving them into bankruptcy. In this instance, as in the Northern Pacific corner, the immense amount of capital at the command of the operators engaged is really the most striking phenomenon of all. It is merely another index to the abnormal disparity which has for so many months existed between the supply of American capital and the field for its investment. Considering what the results of this excess have been, it is fortunate that, with the enormous new issues of railway securities impending on the market, this position is likely soon to return to equilibrium.

A decision of the Supreme Court of Ohio, sustaining the old Civil-Service Commission in Columbus, and ousting the new Commission appointed by the new Democratic Mayor of that city, is a gratifying triumph for the merit system, and for decency in politics. Mayor Hinkle had removed the Commissioners without even the formality of preferring charges against them, and merely because, as he afterwards explained, of a difference of opinion between them and himself over the construction of a statute. His action violated the spirit, if not the letter, of the law creating the Commission, which provided that the term of no more than one member should expire within the same year. This was undoubtedly intended to make it impossible for a new Mayor immediately to appoint a Commission of his own choosing, and Mayor Hinkle's disregard of this wise provision was generally construed as having been dictated by the Democratic office-seekers, who have long been hungry in Columbus. The court's support of the Commission should strengthen its hands for the enforcement of the law.

The first session of the Legislature of the Territory of Hawaii does not appear to have done much to raise island politics to a higher plane. Horse-play, squabbling, dawdling, and inefficiency seem to have been the chief marks of the legislators. They closed the legislative term at loggerheads with Gov. Dole, whom they vainly urged to extend the time of the regular session. In an official communication to the Senate, he plainly told the members that they had been "wasteful, both of time and money," and that he would do no more than call a special session, for the passage of the neglected appropriation bills, and for that purpose only. In reply, the angry legislators are sending on a petition to Washington, asking the President for the removal of the Governor. But wherein he did not do his exact duty is not evident. If it comes to removing, the Legislature itself would furnish a shining mark. Undignified conduct and persistent obstruction of the public business certainly do not entitle it to read lectures to Gov. Dole.

The English Army Bill passed its first reading by a good majority on Thursday night, but this is far from making it certain that its final enactment into law in its present form is assured, or that, even if it is, there will result the actual regiments and armament which Mr. Brodrick has written down on paper. He himself, in explaining and defending his bill, had to admit that there were grave doubts if enlistment would fill up his skeleton army. Capt. Lee, the English officer who was with our troops at Santiago, has criticised the Government scheme for raising a volunteer army, writing especially to the point that, as compared with the American method, the pay offered is not high enough. Recruiting officers are really to go out into the labor market, yet are not able to bid anything like the market wages. The last *Punch* has a cartoon showing an artisan and a farmer's lad very indifferent to the King's service unless it were made "worth their while." As for Continental opinion respecting English army reform, we suppose that it was pretty accurately expressed by Marshal Ratzenhofer of the Austrian army, when he said at Vienna, speaking of the revelation of English military weakness: "What will England do? Simply nothing. The same as it did after the Crimea, the Indian mutiny, the Afghan war—nothing. A nation like the British is too deeply imbued with its political constitution, especially in its relation to the army, to exchange its character. Minor collateral changes there may be, but there will be no thought of conscription."

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LODGE'S MONROE MADNESS.

If we did not know that men with an obsession find every occasion a fit one for airing it, we might be surprised at Senator Lodge's speech at the opening of the Pan-American Exposition on Monday. What he did was to convert, so far as in him lay, a great exhibition of the industrial and peaceful arts into a general hurling about of threats and firebrands and death. President McKinley's telegram of greeting expressed the hope that no cloud would rest upon the "festival of peace and commerce," and that the exhibition would prove that our prosperity is "fruitful of nothing but good to our elders in the brotherhood of nations." Not so Lodge. He had but the most perfunctory words about trade and commercial expansion, and warmed to his task only as he grew warlike. To him the chief "message" of the Exposition, as well as "our highest hope," was that renewed and formal notice should be served by it upon Europe that we are more than ever determined "jealously to maintain the doctrine of Monroe"!

Putting aside his shocking perversion of time and place, we have to ask whether it is the Monroe Doctrine which Senator Lodge is maintaining, or something of his own invention. We have before remarked in his speeches that "charm of perpetual novelty" which was said to exist in Lacordaire's sermons—and for the same reason, that the speaker invented his own history and theology as he went along. His latest Monroe novelty is to the effect that Germany is not to be allowed to acquire a coaling-station anywhere on this hemisphere. That is not his explicit language, but that is what he means. His words are: "We cannot—we will not—permit any great military Power to enter this hemisphere, settle down by our firesides, . . . and from some point of vantage offer an eternal menace to our peace." So much for the threat to Germany; now for the threat to Venezuela: "Under no conditions, under no stress of circumstances, can the smallest island or the most barren promontory on either continent ever be ceded or sold [or even leased, he said in another sentence] to one of the great Powers of Europe." We say clearly Germany and Venezuela, since no one can doubt that what Lodge is driving at is the reported effort of the German Government to lease a tiny island off the coast of Venezuela for a coaling station. It is certain that the Senator's defiant words will be at once telegraphed to Germany, and will furnish to the Berlin *Post* one more example of that "Imperialistic fanaticism" which it thinks is now regnant in the United States.

Is there anything in the Monroe Doctrine, except as Lodge slips it in, which would prevent Venezuela from leasing to Germany a barren island for a coaling station? Not a word. "Interposition for the purpose of oppressing or controlling" was the thing President Monroe could not allow European nations to attempt in South America. But to pay good money for the use of an untenanted rock in the ocean, with the entire consent of the owner, is neither oppression nor control. If the growing needs of German commerce, and the convenience of her cruisers, make it worth while to dump a lot of coal on an island in the Caribbean Sea, the Monroe Doctrine gives us no more title to object to it than does the Kantian doctrine of space and time. And why should a foreign coaling station thousands of miles from us—Lodge's "fireside," we know, is in the tropics, but the rest of us are more at home further north—be an "eternal menace to our peace"? Is our own coaling station off the Mexican coast a menace to the peace of Mexico? Are we not ourselves the ones who are menacing, if, with Lodge, we say to Venezuela that she shall not do what she will with her own? Senator Lodge correctly states the Monroe Doctrine as guaranteeing the "absolute independence" of the South American republics. But how can they be absolutely independent if forbidden to sell or lease an island off their shores? Yet Lodge tells them they cannot do it. One would like to know, however, his authority for going counter to a genuine part of the Monroe Doctrine with a fraudulent version of it drawn out of his own hat.

The Massachusetts Senator seems sublimely unconscious of the terrible discrepancy between his words and his acts. He appeals to the Monroe Doctrine. What was that, in its essence, but a protest against a colonial policy? The American continents, said the famous message of 1823, were not to be considered as subjects for "future colonization by any European Power." The emphasis was not more upon the word European than upon the word colonization. It was government at a distance, rule arbitrarily imposed across the ocean, that was the offensive thing. Exactly this was the contention of Secretary Olney in his Venezuelan correspondence with Lord Salisbury. The Monroe Doctrine, he said, looked to the "unnatural" government of a people by another people 4,000 miles away. With what a fine grace, then, does Senator Lodge appeal to this Doctrine, at the very moment that his own country, he leading the way, is imposing an "unnatural" and arbitrary rule on a people 7,000 miles away! The consistency of this is as gratifying as is the assertion that a naval station is an eternal menace to our peace, made by a man who is telling the Cubans that the naval stations which we mean to extort from them will be the sure bulwark of peace.

Senator Lodge is a dangerous man simply because he has made himself the spokesman of those people in this country who, with Hamlet, consider their thoughts nothing worth unless they are bloody. He broods upon war. He cannot address the most peaceful gathering, like the Home Market Club, without calling to arms. For mere commerce, for industrial triumphs, he cares not a straw. He was chief mischief-maker in bringing the canal treaty to wreck, and what he thought of the great exporting interests of this country he showed when he defeated the French reciprocity treaty, at the behest of a manufacturer of bogus jewelry. The only serious national occupation he considers to be war. The old legend of the fiend who tore his master in pieces for lack of employment, seems to be his principle of political action, and he means to keep the people occupied with war lest they tear him in pieces. The course he urges he knows as well as the next man to be folly, but he probably thinks, as Guizot said of France, that the nation is capable of any folly, provided it be a military folly. This leading and ambitious Republican Senator, this misrepresentative of educated and industrial Massachusetts, this stirrer up of international hatred and strife, is evidently a man that President McKinley will have to keep his eye on if he does not want his policy of peace and trade with all nations tumbled into ruin.

MR. BRYAN ON STOCK GAMBLING.

When Mr. Bryan started his weekly newspaper, there was a wide curiosity to see what views were held by a man who had been twice nominated by his party for the Presidency, and who had made a stout campaign in both instances. As the weeks passed by, however, the interest in his sayings fell off, and it has now dwindled to almost nothing. This decline in the attractions of the *Commoner* is due, in part, to the belief that the Democratic party will not nominate him for President in 1904, and still more to the fact that there is very little in his newspaper that is worth a serious man's attention. Finance has been Mr. Bryan's strong hold on his followers in the West and South, yet this is the weakest part of his equipment. His speech on the cross of gold and the crown of thorns at the Chicago Convention in 1896 undoubtedly gave him the nomination which was really due to Richard P. Bland, and would probably have gone to the Missourian if the delegates had not been swept off their feet by the outburst of the Nebraska orator. But the cross of gold and the crown of thorns would not bear a five months' investigation before the people. So Candidate Bryan went up like a rocket and came down like a stick. His second nomination was not due to any views he held on finance, but was rather in spite of them. It was the result of sentiment rather than of prin-

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ciple. Now the sentiment has died out, and there is no principle left on which to build a new political edifice. The silver question, as a party issue, is "as dead as Julius Cæsar." It is doubtful if the Democratic party in a single State, except those where silver-mining is an important industry, would now accept the plank which Mr. Bryan caused to be put into the last national platform on that subject. In fact, several of the Southern delegations took it with extreme reluctance last year.

Mr. Bryan himself has been very mum on that subject since the campaign ended, but he has been casting about for some other issue in the field of economics. The subject of Trusts has been much in his mind of late, and he finds the recent panic in the stock market a very good text to preach upon. In last week's *Commoner* he says that the record of Wall Street's doings is "an indictment against our boasted civilization," and that it is a reflection on the intelligence of the country and on the conscience of the people. Continuing in this vein, he says:

> "It is little less than amazing that a few men should be permitted to corner the market for their own selfish purposes, beat down the price of one stock and boom the price of another stock, demoralizing business and jeopardizing the interests of all classes of society. How will the historian describe an age in which a petty thief is severely punished while great criminals go unwhipped? It often takes an object-lesson to arouse the people to the evils of a bad system, and the recent fluctuations in the stock market, costly as they have been, will be cheap if they lead to legislation which will put an end to stock gambling, erroneously described as 'business.'"

No doubt Mr. Bryan here reflects the opinions of a great many people. No doubt the panic on the Stock Exchange made a strong impression on the public mind prejudicial to the groups of capitalists who have combined, in one way and another, to stifle competition in railroads and manufactures. Yet in framing an indictment it is not safe to deal in generalities. One must offer particular facts, and present them in such shape that the court and jury can separate truth from falsehood. What was there in the recent stock panic to warrant the belief that certain persons were "cornering the market for their own selfish purposes"? All the facts are opposed to that contention. The men who bought the stocks did not want the market to be cornered. They wanted the stock, not differences in the price of it. A corner was directly contrary to their interest. When it developed that the stock they had bought could not be delivered, they were chagrined and disappointed, because they had loaded themselves down with shares at a high price which might not, after all, secure the control they were aiming at.

Again, how were these men "demoralizing business"? Presumably Mr. Bryan means that they were tempting the unwary to join in a stock gamble. If their action had this effect, it was contrary to their intention. The joining of the general public in the rush for stocks simply put up the price on themselves, forcing them to pay more for the property than they otherwise would. Evidently the *hoi polloi* made more money than they lost. We oftener hear of losses than of gains in such a mêlée, but it stands to reason that if a stock like Northern Pacific, which was pretty widely held before the struggle for control began, was rushed up from 85 to 150, with occasional spurts as high as 1,000, and has settled down in the boxes of two groups of capitalists, the previous holders must have pocketed the difference. The men who lost in the gamble were the short sellers, but these were not the public. They were the professionals of the Exchange who were not in the secret of the upward movement. The great mass of dabblers in stocks buy only for a rise, and these evidently have nothing to complain of. Stock gambling may be as bad in morals when the *hoi polloi* win as when they lose, but it does not serve quite so well to win votes for the moralists. Public sympathy is aroused only for the losers.

Mr. Bryan looks forward to legislation which will put an end to stock gambling as a result of the recent fluctuations in the market. We confess that we do not see any such tendency on the surface of public opinion. The people who resist the seductions of the stock market and attend to their own private business, are not concerned to put an end to the buying and selling of securities at public vendue; while those who occasionally dabble in stocks do so on account of the fluctuations in price. If there were no fluctuations on the Exchange, they would not be there at all.

THE ENGLISH LIBERALS.

It is to Mr. Balfour, we believe, that we owe the vamping of an ancient witticism. "Yes," he said to a Liberal friend, "you have really a splendid party. All that you lack is an issue and a leader." In search of both, or in confession that they have neither, the Liberals last week held a three-days' convention at Bradford. The main cry was party unity. Divisions and heart-burnings among the Liberals have been notorious since 1895. The resulting paralysis of the Opposition has been a cause of regret to thoughtful Conservatives. Only the other day the Chancellor of the Exchequer was deploring it to some depressed Liberals. "But I will tax you into unity," added Sir Michael cheerfully. He has not yet done it, however. John Morley and a few Liberals voted even for the coal tax. It and the sugar tax and the increased income tax are producing a certain amount of discord among the Conservatives; but they do not heal the differences of the Liberals.

The old personal bitterness between Liberal leaders has largely disappeared. Lord Rosebery and Sir William Harcourt are no longer at daggers drawn. Yet neither is in a position to command Liberal harmony and enthusiasm, even with the hearty support of the other. Sir William is too old and too tactless to be thought of as the leader whom the party requires. Lord Rosebery is too uncertain, both of himself and of his policy. He spurted up in momentary activity at the time of the last general election, and made much of a programme of "sane" and "Liberal" Imperialism. To exemplify it, he put up at Newcastle Capt. Lambton, the naval hero of the siege of Ladysmith; but that gallant officer was badly beaten at the polls, and since then Lord Rosebery has sought the consolations of literature. Nor is there any other real leader on the horizon. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman has done very well in the thankless task of leading a disorganized Opposition in the House of Commons; but no one thinks of him as the man to weld the factions together and recreate a spirited and triumphant Liberalism. Sir Edward Grey and Sir Henry Fowler are able and respected men, either of whom might come in for the reversion of the Liberal leadership some day; and Mr. Asquith has great talent and personal force, which would pretty surely carry him to the front if the radical and social-reform wing of the Liberals were to become dominant. But all these speculations about who the leader might be are only another way of confessing that no leader exists. Lacking a Gladstone, with his indomitable and infectious energy and high moral enthusiasm, the Liberals are not likely to take their leadership out of commission for some time to come.

A man would arise if there were a clear and burning issue, but unfortunately there is not. Except in petty details, the policy of the Liberals is not essentially different at present from that of the Conservatives. Both are pledged to see the Boer war through; both are for an enlarged army; both are for the increased taxes necessary to foot the bills; both are agreed that social legislation must wait till there is money in the public purse to pay for it. Of course, the Liberals go through the motions of an Opposition. They find fault, they attack the Government, they offer amendments, they stand up to be counted and cheer loudly when the Ministry's majority falls below the normal, as it has done many times of late; but all that brings them no nearer power. Yet the Government show many signs of weariness. The Ministry seems certain to be reorganized soon. An alert and hopeful Opposition, with a dashing leader, could probably drive the Tories

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out of office in a few months. But as it is, the last thing the Liberals really desire is power. They would not know what to do with it. Thiers said in 1832: "Providence must have abundant confidence in me, for every time I arrive at power it seems to reserve the most embarrassing affairs for me." But the English Liberals do not share that simple faith. They would much prefer to leave the present embarrassing affairs in the hands of the Conservatives. If Balfour were to-morrow to offer to resign and let Campbell-Bannerman take charge of the Government, that pawky Scotchman would decline with thanks.

The truth is that the war and the war spirit have been too much for the Liberals. No more than any other party in any other country could they even appear to oppose a foreign war, or to embarrass the Government in its prosecution, without falling into popular disfavor. Political opposition always becomes, *inter arma*, half-hearted. There is Mr. Brodrick's Army Bill, for example, now under debate. How do the Liberals attack it? Do they denounce its underlying policy, cry out against the military burdens it will impose, come out squarely for a programme of peace with all nations and social betterment at home? No; they do not dare to do any of these things, even if they want to. They simply arraign the Army Bill as an ineffective measure. As to its aim they have nothing to say. To that they agree. But a party that fights over mere details cannot win victories. It takes principles and great issues to overturn a Government. To formulate such, many attempts will no doubt be made—as at Bradford so in the Liberal press; but in the present state of opinion they can amount to little more than pious hopes. The Boer war still has both English parties by the throat, and, till its grip is relaxed, there is little likelihood of any party change. The Liberals may denounce Chamberlain, and the old Tories go on secretly hating him; but as long as "Chamberlain's war" and its sequel hold the centre of the political stage, he will retain a free hand to "ruin his country with consummate ability," as was said of Cavour.

INTERNATIONAL PUBLIC OPINION.

Several Frenchmen eminent in literature and learning have lately given their names to a public protest against the repressive measures adopted by the Russian Government in dealing with students and writers. The movement, it seems, had its initiative in a "Committee of University Solidarity," and the *Aurore* newspaper has published the letters of an imposing array of French authors and professors. Their act is one requiring unusual courage in defying public odium, with the Russian alliance meaning what [illegible]nce in these days. But Zola and Anatole France, Élisée Reclus and Professor Havet and the others, rise above all narrow or merely national considerations, and appeal to the universal conscience. To them the sight of a Government attacking reason and science in the persons of Tolstoi and Gorki and the university youth seems a spectacle, wherever beheld, to evoke a cry of indignation. Those who suffer under such tyrannical methods are an "honor to humanity," and entitled to receive at least the "homage of our grieved admiration"; while the educated world, as M. Claretie writes, should make the Czar know its conviction that "the sovereign who has nobly dreamed of universal peace ought to love justice and to grant liberty."

There has been within the past few years more than one such assertion of the moral sense of the world, leaping over the boundaries of nations. The French themselves had their own chalice commended to their lips throughout the long-drawn torture of Dreyfus. Against that injustice, wrought under the forms of law, the conscience of the civilized world offered a solemn protest in volume like the sound of many waters. Similar outcries have been heard in connection with the Russification of Finland. The Dutch professors issued their appeal to the university world, asking it to judge righteous judgment in the case of Chamberlain vs. the South African republics. That the condemnation by enlightened foreigners of our own course in the Philippines has not been expressed in an organized way, may be due to the fact that they saw that liberty and good faith were not left without witnesses in this country; that our own men of clear conviction and undaunted courage did not shrink from telling the truth without fear or favor; and that our own university men, our own satirists, our own poets saved others the necessity of telling us what a curse of inconsistency and cruelty will rest upon us

—"save we let the island men go free."

Now, the one clear truth which emerges out of all these scattered facts is that we are getting to have an international tribunal, none the less august for being unofficial, before which national criminals are haled and by which they are judged. The educated world everywhere more and more feels its solidarity. One touch of science makes the whole world kin. And with this identity of privilege, this commonalty of light, goes a feeling of responsibility. There is developed a *sensus communis* in public morals which will not let men sleep or be silent when base deeds are done by any nation in any part of the earth. It may be that there is often a great deal of misunderstanding and intolerance in these protests against national wrongs. We may in this, too, compound for sins we are inclined to by damning those we have no mind to. But, allowing for the fallibility of these judgments, we must yet admit that there is coming to be an instructed and sensitive international public opinion, which is a new thing in the world, which promises to become more highly organized and swiftly responsive, and which should be and will prove a wholesome terror and restraint to the tyrannous and faithless among the world's rulers.

It is a happy aspect of our modern cosmopolitanism. Nothing can any longer be done in a corner—not even murders of state committed, or a nation be set hideously at war with its past. In the world made a huge whispering-gallery by the press, all these things are sounded in all ears. Thus it comes about that a public man in any land knows that he must reckon, in the long run, with a public opinion more extensive and powerful than that of any one land. When tempted, for a reason of state (that bottomless abyss, as Clarendon calls it), to crush the weak or rob the helpless, he is conscious that he must consider more than the immediate political result. He cannot order students flogged in the streets with lead-weighted whips without asking himself, "What will they think of this in Paris? How will this be regarded in the universities of the great world?" He cannot entrap and destroy a race in South Africa, and be content if only his reputation in Birmingham be as great as ever, if only his Parliamentary majority remain secure. These things do not touch that international verdict before which he well may cower. And if his ambition or his complaisance leads him to attempt to make the metes and bounds of his country greater, but her fine sense of honor and of justice weaker, then it will be to him, in the end, a small satisfaction that the mob approved, that the election was carried, that self-seeking adulation became more fulsome than ever, if all the while he knows that the educated moral sense of mankind is adding the words Philippines and Cuba to the historic list of names which stand for national greed and cruel breach of public faith.

We thus see in the making an international force more powerful, in its way, than treaties, more effective than tribunals of arbitration. Without visible machinery, without agents of justice, sentence is pronounced upon highly placed malefactors, and national outrages are passed in review. It is a kind of automatic and ineluctable moral power. It seems destined to wider influence as the minds of men are ripened, and to become a true international court of last resort.

NATIONAL THEATRES.

Ever since somebody started the report that Mr. Andrew Carnegie was about to establish an endowed theatre

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of some kind in this country, or in England, or in both, the subject has been discussed not only by actors anxious for advertisement, and by the vast and modest army of unappreciated playwrights, but also by disinterested and capable students of the drama, who realize the potency of the civilizing forces latent in the stage and are eager for their development and employment. As might be expected, almost every advocate of a national theatre has his own particular notion of the manner in which it ought to be conducted, but in the main they all agree that it should be devoted to the representation, in the most perfect imaginable manner, of the masterpieces of dramatic literature, old or new, and should be at the same time a conservatory of the best traditions and a training school for the Rosciuses and Garricks of succeeding generations.

In all of these schemes the "endowment" is apt to figure as the one essential preliminary, as if the gift of a sufficiently large check would dissipate all existing difficulties, and call into instant existence the ideal playhouse, repertory, players, policy, directors, and everything else complete. Now, the fact is that the endowment is not the first thing needed, but almost the last. Without doubt it would be pleasant and encouraging to know that a fund of a million or two was lying in readiness to meet every financial emergency, but the assurance of it would probably frustrate the very object for which it was intended. Wholly aside from the question —a grave one—as to whether art would flourish without the stimulus of competition, it would be obviously absurd to build a national theatre, to discharge the functions of a dramatic university, without first making sure of a faculty capable of directing it, a company fit to act in it, and, which is also important, a representative audience to profit by its exhibitions. An enterprise of this kind, to have any chance of success or honor, must be reared upon solid foundations and from small beginnings. First, a body of good actors must be formed to furnish the teachers of the future; and then, when a new and vital public interest in the theatre has been aroused by fresh and vital performances of the better sort of plays, but not till then, will it be time to settle the details of the site, the form, and the directorship of the institution which is to be the centre, the heart, and the inspiration of the theatrical art of the country.

Perhaps the day for laying of the foundation-stone may not be so far distant as it now seems to be. There are some faint signs, delusive, perhaps, but promising, of a revival of the drama in England; and any quickening of the spirit there would soon be reflected here. While other folk have been talking of the need of a national theatre, Mr. Frank R. Benson has been doing his best to supply one, and has been successful, at least, in showing, by practical demonstration, the proper genesis of such an organization. This young enthusiast, still in the early prime of manhood, is at the head of the best English-speaking stock company in the world, laboriously wrought out of raw material, and he has done more to popularize Shakspere in the British Isles than any man of his day or generation, Sir Henry Irving not excepted. In the way of Shaksperian production, indeed, he has probably beaten all the records of the past century, save only those of that greatest English actor-manager, Samuel Phelps; and even he never dared to give, as Mr. Benson has given, a performance of "Hamlet" with the full text.

Only a few years ago Mr. Benson was an Oxford undergraduate, an athlete, with a passion for acting and a deep reverence for Shakspere, but no divine gift of genius. After leaving college, and gaining some sound experience of stage work, he collected a company of other young men, some of them fellow-collegians, and started in to act Shaksperian and other plays, comedy, farce, and melodrama, in the provinces. Of his troupe he made a happy family. When they were not rehearsing or acting, they played cricket or football, and local athletes soon learned to respect their prowess. For some years they had hard work, small honor, and less profit, but their progress was steady, and their growing fame in the big county towns soon led to an appearance and a triumph in London. For several years Mr. Benson has had sole direction of the annual Shaksperian festival at Stratford-on-Avon. This spring he performed a cycle of the historical plays, with a Sheridan comedy or two by way of contrast, a different play every night for two weeks, each one admirably performed, to the delight of as critical an audience as could be assembled anywhere. In London he played Shakspere, and nothing but Shakspere, in Sir Henry Irving's own Lyceum, for a season of six weeks, with reasonable profit and abundant glory, and this, too, without the meretricious aid of gorgeous spectacle. The play was the thing.

And, be it remembered, Mr. Benson is not—unless all contemporary judgment be at fault—a great actor, or even a notably fine one. He is criticised freely and severely, but he always commands respect by his intense earnestness and his independence. In his company are half-a-dozen players as good as himself, if not better, and characters are distributed, not according to seniority, but according to capacity. The leading man of to-day may have a part of only a dozen lines to-morrow. Mr. Benson does not disdain to appear, if needful, as a leader in a mob of supernumeraries. Each player is expected to sacrifice every other consideration to the one end of securing the best possible interpretation of the piece in hand, and the consequence is that the work done, if unilluminated by flashes of genius from any individual performer, is upon an uncommonly high level of general excellence—the result of complete mutual understanding and conscientious and intelligent coöperation. The most trustworthy critics have commended the vigor and life of the performances, the versatility and adaptability of the actors, their admirable delivery of blank verse, and their remarkable facility and felicity in the treatment of racy and eccentric Shaksperian humor. Already the company is spoken of as the only real school of acting in England, and London managers are offering special engagements to the principal performers, to fill the weak spots in their own organizations. It is to be hoped that they will not be able to seduce many of them from their allegiance.

In any case Mr. Benson has proved that the higher drama can be played profitably, year in and year out, without stars, without spectacle, and without much advertisement, but solely upon its merits. Mr. Phelps proved the same thing, fifty years ago, in the uncultivated district of Islington. The public taste now, as then, is sound in this matter. But no one wants to see great plays badly acted. The resuscitation of the higher drama is hopeless without performers superior in training and capacity to those who now occupy the stage. There is some ground for the hope that they may be forthcoming. The number of young college students adopting the stage as a serious profession has become considerable, and is increasing. Possibly they may supply the new blood and the genuinely artistic ambitions that are needed to make the scheme of a national theatre practicable. When one is built, Mr. Benson would be a good man to put in charge of it.

A SURVEY OF SPANISH ART.

LONDON, April 30, 1901.

If you believed all you heard of the Corporation of London, you would think it capable of nothing but evil. The City has long been a convenient scapegoat for the municipal reformer. But the truth is, whatever its vices—and I should be the last to venture to dispute or disprove them—it has the virtue of doing uncommonly well a few things worth doing. One of these is the giving of picture exhibitions. It has held ten, the tenth having just been opened in state by the Lord Mayor; and, from the artistic standpoint, only one of the ten has been a failure. That exception was last year's show, when a number of recent Academical masterpieces one had hoped never to see again were unfortunately resurrected. But this spring ample amends have been made by an exhibition of Spanish pictures, not only delightful in itself, but having a

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distinct educational value for all who are interested in the history of art.

It is astonishing how little, comparatively, is known of Spanish pictures. Now that, thanks to the continual cheapening of process blocks, "art books" multiply with alarming rapidity, you will find that for twenty about the Italians there will probably be one about the Spaniards; while the proportion of critics who make of each country their hunting-ground is, I fancy, the same. To the increased facilities of travelling, the followers of Morelli attribute much of the excellence of their own criticism, and everybody knows that the railroads of Spain, in comfort and convenience, are absurdly behind the times. But I think a more probable reason for the neglect is that the Primitives, who are too much with us in Italy, in Spain are in a sad minority, and, when it comes to the Masters, the scientific critic's chief occupation's gone. However this may be, certainly Spanish art has not been exploited as unmercifully as Italian, so that there is a special pleasure in a collection that helps one to understand something of its development and tendencies.

Of course, such a collection, outside of Spain, must be far from complete. As I have said, the Primitives are few—the result, no doubt, of Moorish traditions and the conditions that followed the Moorish conquest. Even at the Prado, the delay is short before you come to the artists who have mastered the rudiments of painting; while, though different towns make mild and ineffectual boasts of their special schools and groups, but three names stand out with any real prominence in the history of Spanish art—Velasquez, Goya, Fortuny. Here you have the three great influences. Velasquez, it is needless to say, can be studied nowhere in full perfection except in the Prado. The pictures of Goya are so seldom seen that even admirers of his etchings and lithographs must sometimes wonder why he enjoys his reputation as a painter. Fortuny has always been more popular in America than in England, where his work rarely finds its way into public or private collections. The City authorities, therefore, have wisely devoted their attention to these three men, without attempting to do the impossible and represent every Spanish painter of more or less celebrity.

That there were painters before Velasquez, you have an occasional suggestive reminder—in a fine portrait of a woman, Flemish almost in sentiment and color, by Sanchez Coello; in two extraordinary Scriptural subjects, a "Nativity" and "Christ Driving the Traders out of the Temple," by that extraordinary artist, El Greco, for whose work it is to be hoped a critic of intelligence and sympathy will some day have the courage to explore the monasteries and churches of Spain, where much of it must still be hidden; in a little study of a "Partridge on the Wing" by Herrera, so vigorous and fine that it seems to explain that Velasquez owed something at least of his method, though nothing of his genius, to his first master. But the collection practically begins with Velasquez, as one is quite willing it should, if only El Greco could be more freely honored; and of Velasquez it is to be noted that in England alone there are enough fine examples to lend distinction to the gallery, where they now hang in company with canvases whose authenticity one need not be a savant in these matters to question.

The many portraits at the Prado, at Vienna, the very few at the National Gallery, are finer than any at the Guildhall. But still the series is remarkable, and, moreover, one that covers, if sketchily, the artist's entire career. I miss the beautiful, the rare "Venus" from Rokeby Hall, which I remember describing when it was shown at the Academy's "Old Masters" some ten or eleven years ago. But, otherwise, I think all the pictures in private English collections have been lent, and they begin with such early canvases as the "Omelet" and the "Water Carrier of Seville"—student's exercises, but, in feeling for form, color, quality, design, already giving promise of the master's work to follow; the lovely little Don Balthazar Carlos, belonging to the Duke of Westminster, of which there is a replica at Hertford House, and which Sir Walter Armstrong, in a moment of uncritical generosity, presented to Del Mazo; that other Don Balthazar in golden armor, the property of the King; the full-length Philip in black, thought by some people to be the original of the same portrait in the Prado; the two versions of Mariana, whose rouged, sullen, ill-natured face is as familiar as Philip's own; the portrait of Velasquez himself, the Quevedo, so full of character, lent by the Duke of Wellington, and known to the public who care by the representation in the English edition of the 'Pablo' with Vierge's illustrations. But I cannot name all, and, indeed, it would be useless to do so. I only want to give an idea of the importance of a series that becomes doubly interesting when, as at present, there is an opportunity to compare it with the performances of the men who succeeded Velasquez in his own country.

That none of these men can compete with him, can be named in quite the same breath, is a fact nobody would deny. He is the supreme master for all time, whose masterpiece is not to be surpassed. It may have been that the dim consciousness of this truth had its effect on painters, and was, in a measure, the cause of the lifelessness, the colorlessness of art in Spain for almost a century and a half after his death. There are examples of Murillo—one, the "Prodigal Son," with a beauty, a distinction, that make you sigh for the waste in his feebly pretty Immaculate Conceptions—and of Del Mazo, whom the critics, on Press Day, to counterbalance the gift of Sir Walter Armstrong, were trying to deprive of an admirable portrait of a boy with a dog. But, from the time of Del Mazo, there is no one until Goya (suddenly) gave new life and the stamp of a distinct individuality to the art of his country. Most of the Goyas have come direct from Spain, contributed by their Spanish owners for the occasion; and to Englishmen, who know this artist only by the two or three distressingly inadequate specimens in the National Gallery, they prove a revelation. Even in Madrid, I do not remember seeing portraits that have the same keen feeling for character, the same charm of color and dignity of treatment, as one now shown of himself, a second of his brother, and a third of the Señora de Ceán-Bermudez, this last lent by the Marques de Casa-Torres, who also sends a landscape, to me the marvel of the exhibition. For Velasquez one was prepared, but not for Goya in such romantic mood. I have heard him called—that is, as a painter; his supremacy as a lithographer and etcher has never been questioned—the Sargent of his time. But in this landscape he is the poet as well as the superb technician. I know neither the date of the picture nor its history. But I cannot help wondering if it had ever been seen by the young prophets of 1830, to whom his lithographs were an inspiration, for it seems to breathe the very spirit of Romanticism. Goya, however, did not rely for its romance upon the obviously picturesque, upon the mediæval castles and ivied ruins for which those ardent youths searched France from end to end. The romance was in the way he saw the familiar Spanish landscape—the bare, brown slopes of an arid land, where, in solemn shadow, the people are at play, while, above and beyond, on the one green hill, a shining white monastery stands out joyfully against the splendor of the summer sky. On that one canvas he has expressed all the solemnity and tragedy of Spain, even as, in his lithographs, he rendered once and for ever the tragic drama of the Bull-fight.

After Goya, Fortuny; but between them a wider gap in art, though less in time, than between Goya and Velasquez. To-day we can see the full artistic disaster that came of the influence of Fortuny, and we are as apt to underestimate his own work as once the world agreed to overpraise it. But this is a mistake. Fortuny was an artist of individuality, and now that capable workmen are turned out of the schools by thousands, individuality is what we look for and prize above all else. Up to his time there had been few landscape painters in Spain, probably because artists felt the hopelessness of rendering its light and colors in paint. Velasquez had fallen back upon a convention for his landscape backgrounds, content to suggest, as he alone could, the wide distances and far sierras—the prospect Madrid commands. There is less realism than poetic symbolism in Goya's "Maypole." But Fortuny painted sunlight itself—blinding, glittering sunlight—with what success is too well known to be now insisted upon. If his fine qualities are sometimes forgotten, the fault is his. He had an almost unrivalled technical facility, and, too often, he let it run away with him, as in the very pictures to which he owed his popularity. The three most celebrated are here: "The Selection of a Model," lent by Mr. Clark of New York; "The Spanish Marriage," and the "Garden of the Poets," brilliant technical displays, but little more. The artist Fortuny is seen, rather, in a study of a Moor's head, for the unfinished picture at Barcelona, and in a little "Espada," refreshingly broad in treatment, after the excessive detail that is the secret of his greatness in the eyes of people who love to study art through a microscope.

Fortuny revolutionized art in Spain. Everybody began not only to paint, but to draw, sunlight. One painter, Rico, did so with a certain distinction, and, in his time, had many followers; there is only a single picture by him. A whole school of illustration was developed—a school that helped to make American illustration what it is. Black-and-white is represented by one of Goya's lithographs and two or three of Fortuny's etchings; there is absolutely nothing by Vierge. But the largest gallery of all has been reserved for the multitude of Fortuny's crude imitators, whose staring, hard,

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blinding canvases are an offence to the eye. It is interesting to see them here, completing as they do the history of Spanish art to the present day. But they make it difficult to forgive Fortuny for having brought painting in his country to such prosaic depths. To leave the modern work for the smaller room devoted to Velasquez is to pass from the brawling marketplace into the innermost sanctuary of the Temple of Art. N. N.

ANGÉLIQUE ARNAULD.

PARIS, May 9, 1901.

It is not often that our modern literature (I do not speak of light literature) takes us out of the times of the Revolution and the Napoleonic era; and it seems almost strange that a writer should apply himself to the study of forgotten characters of the seventeenth century. M. Monlaur has had the courage so to do, and we must thank him for it; he has brought us back, in his fine volume on Angélique Arnauld, to the quiet and solemn world of Port-Royal and the Jansenists.

Port-Royal has always had an attraction, however, not only for all thinking minds, but even for writers of imagination. There is something almost poetical in the contrast between the severity of the Jansenist school and the glitter of the court of the *Grand Roi*. Nobody was more alive to the importance of the Jansenist movement than Sainte-Beuve; whoever begins to read his great work on Port-Royal will read it to the end, and will be surprised to find himself carried away by this wonderful writer's profound analysis, and his marvellous description of the most ascetic community of men and women which France ever saw; a community which drew to itself such men as Pascal and Racine, as the two Arnaulds, the three Lemaistres, Nicole, and Le Nain de Tillemont. The Jansenist movement has always appeared to me as the last form of the movement of the Reformation in France; as a pacific movement, not against Rome, but against Romanism. Protestantism, which had for a moment been on the point of subjugating all France, which had had triumphant armies and gained victories on many a battlefield, had succumbed in the end, as an armed power. It had by degrees lost its "places of surety." Its last great general, Henri de Rohan, after three campaigns, exiled himself. Ever after, the Protestants ceased to be a state within the state.

It was not to be expected, however, that the Protestant spirit could be quenched for ever. The opposition to Romanism took different forms. The Parlements, in their defence of the rights of the Gallican Church, represented this opposition. In another domain, that of theology, it may be said that the Jansenist school were unconsciously the spiritual descendants of the founders of the Reformation, of the men who resisted Romanism. I say purposely that they were the *unconscious* descendants of these men—they would have protested loudly if they had been called Calvinists; but, in many senses, they had in them the spirit of Calvin.

The Arnaulds were an extraordinary family. It had alliances with the most noble houses, the Créquis, the Gesvres, the Montmorencys even, but must be chiefly regarded as representative of the proud parlementary families, who had their hôtels in the Marais and on the quays of the Île Saint-Louis. An ancestor of Angélique Arnauld was a Protestant who bore the name of M. de la Mothe, but went over to Catholicism after the massacre of Saint Bartholomew, leaving some of his children "in the religion," as was said at the time. There always remained a Huguenot substratum in the family. Angélique's father was a famous lawyer; her grandfather was Advocate-General. Through his influence, Angélique was made an Abbess at the age of eleven. She was born on the 8th of September, 1591. The child was once alone with her grandfather, who was very fond of her. "Child," said he, "don't you want to be a religious?" And as the child seemed to hesitate, he added: "Oh! you won't be a simple nun; I will make you an abbess, the mistress of the others." She tells the story in her memoirs, and adds: "I felt that I must obey his will; and, this quality of an abbess making more acceptable what I felt very hard, I answered: 'Yes, grandpapa, I am willing.' But, meanwhile, I was furious, and said to myself: 'If I were the eldest, they would marry me. Unhappy me to be born only the second of the daughters.' "

The child, whose name was Jacqueline, afterwards changed for that of Angélique, was taken to the monastery of Saint-Antoine, where she assumed the white gown of Saint-Bernard. Six weeks afterwards, she was taken to Maubuisson, a monastery of her order. Maubuisson was a magnificent abbey, which Henri IV. gave to Angélique d'Estrées, sister of the famous Gabrielle. The Abbess led such a life that her sister said of her that she was "a shame to her house." She had sumptuous apartments; spent her time in playing, hunting, dancing. Maubuisson had nothing monastic left but its walls. It was in deference to the Abbess that Jacqueline, on the day of her confirmation, took the name of Angélique. Fortunately for her, in 1602 she was removed from Maubuisson and conducted by her mother to Port-Royal, of which she was to be the Abbess.

The place was very different from Maubuisson. Why the writers of the time call the valley of Port-Royal "horrible and savage" is a mystery to me, as I have always found it very pleasant; but the convent was certainly greatly dilapidated, the walls were falling into ruins, when Angélique entered the place. She found there, on her arrival, only twelve nuns, three of whom, says the chronicle, were in a state of imbecility. The life which the young Abbess led there was half conventual, half worldly, as she received many people. Henri IV. honored her once with a visit. She read novels, studied history, chiefly Roman; she heard all the news of the Court. It was at the dictation of her father that she one day signed a paper by which she ratified the "act which had been done eight years before." Her fate was now sealed. She had a sort of Cornelian courage, and resolved to give herself wholly up to her religious duties. She undertook to reform entirely her community. To her nuns, used to an easy life, she preached a life of austerity; she herself renounced the world. She induced the nuns to put everything in common—money, books, furniture, even the little plots of the garden where they had flowers. She shut the convent to all outsiders except the sick and the poor. She made no exception in favor of her own family, even of her father, whom she consented to see only outside the walls, in the *parloir*. The famous scene of the "guichet" is well known, when the young Abbess, opening the door, told her father that she would see him no more inside the convent, and fainted away. After this sort of *coup d'état*, the reform continued, and the rules of Port-Royal became more and more severe. Angélique Arnauld called successively round her her five sisters, her mother, afterwards five of her nieces, and a cousin-german. Port-Royal became the home of the Arnaulds.

For a while her work was purely a work of reformation. She imposed, one after another, all the rules of the order of Saint-Benedict. After Port-Royal, she had also to reform Maubuisson. The history of her struggle with Madame d'Estrées is a curious chapter in M. Monlaur's book. After a term of five years spent at Maubuisson, which she left in the hands of Madame de Soissons, a virtuous princess, she returned to Port-Royal, where she continued her work. But Port-Royal would not have taken its place in history if its abbess had not adopted the theological views of Jean du Vergier de Hauranne, Abbé de Saint-Cyran, who may well be called the founder of Jansenism. M. de Saint-Cyran was born in Bayonne, in 1581; he studied at Paris, at Louvain in Belgium, and became acquainted with Jansenius. Madame Angélique Arnauld accepted the direction of Saint-Cyran, and was drawn by him into a struggle which for many years became a fierce religious war. It is not the place here to enter into the details of this struggle; they seem to us now either tedious or even incomprehensible. Viewed at a distance and through the atmosphere of time, this struggle appears a natural antagonism between the more austere form of Christianity, a more idealistic view of its teachings, and a more lenient and more materialistic Christianity. The Jesuits were famous for adapting themselves in all countries, even in China, to the instincts and habits of the people. They were looked upon by the Jansenists as the representatives of the "dévotion aisée," of a Romanism too contented with forms and ceremonies.

The doctrines of Saint Augustine, the eternal questions of grace, of justification by faith, of predestination, formed the battle-ground on which the Jansenists, with Pascal at their head, fought against the Jesuits. The real issue was the government of the Church in France, the direction to be given to the clergy, the secular as well as the regular. The impression made by the Jansenist doctrines on the French clergy was very deep and lasting, though the Jesuits triumphed, though Rome condemned the doctrines, and though Port-Royal became in the end the object of a brutal persecution. For a very long time the curés of Paris remained Jansenists at heart, and it would be no surprise to me if some of them even now were found to have Jansenistic leanings. The parlementary families, partly on account of the influence of the Arnauld family, partly on account of the severity of their lives and a certain sort of aristocratic austerity, were nearly all imbued with the spirit which gave to Jansenism its force and its moral influence.

The most interesting chapters of M. Monlaur's work are those which he has written on the friends of Angélique Arnauld. We here find proofs of the moral influence which

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she acquired over the better part of the French aristocracy. Madame de Sablé was among those whom Madame Cornuel called the "importants spirituels." The Princess Marie de Gonzague-Clèves, a sister of the Palatine Princess, immortalized by a funeral oration of Bossuet, was a constant correspondant of Angélique Arnauld, and remained in communication with her after becoming Queen of Poland. Marie de Gonzague interceded with Alexander VII. in favor of Port-Royal and its Abbess when the time of persecution came. We may cite also Jeanne de Schomberg, Duchess de Liancourt, the Marquise d'Aumont, the Duchess de Luynes, and many others. When Angélique Arnauld lay at the point of death, she said to one of the sisters who took care of her: "I wish to be interred in the green (*préau*), *et qu'un ne fasse pas tant de badineries après ma mort.*" All her spirit is in these few words. She was obeyed. She was buried with great simplicity in Port-Royal de Paris, and her heart was taken to Port-Royal des Champs, the place of her predilection.

Correspondence.

ARE GUERRILLAS BRIGANDS?

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: A party in England, exasperated by the tenacity with which the patriot Boers defend their country, is clamoring for the execution of guerrillas as brigands. Whether England would be justified by her own record in treating guerrillas as brigands, will be seen from the subjoined dispatch of Wellington, then commanding the British army in the Peninsula, respecting presents of honorary swords and pistols to the guerrilla chiefs.

Yours, Equity.

"To Lieut. Colonel Sir H. Douglas, Bart.
Fuente Guinaldo, 2nd June, 1812.

"I have received your letter of the 24th, in regard to the letter to be written to the guerrilla chiefs, with the swords and pistols to be presented to them in my name.

"I have found that the shortest and most simple mode of expression is the most agreeable to the Spaniards, and has most effect; and it appears that, particularly since the assembly of the Cortes, they have felt that they were to look for their happiness in the independence of their country, rather than in the internal institutions. If, therefore, the letter is to be written to them in my name, I request that they may be informed that I obey with great satisfaction the commands of H. R. H. the Prince Regent, in transmitting to them these presents, as a small mark of the estimation in which their conduct is held by his Royal Highness, and by his Majesty's subjects in general; in having, notwithstanding the reverses of all the regular armies in Spain, the misfortune of the country, and in the face of difficulties of all descriptions, continued to maintain successfully the contest against the enemy. That I, having been employed by his Majesty in the Peninsula since the commencement of the contest for the independence of the nations inhabiting this part of the world, have been fully aware of the difficulties of their situation, and of the benefit which the cause has derived from their constant perseverance and valor; and that I trust that the applause which their conduct has gained, of which what is now sent them is a small token, the consciousness that they have done their duty, and the hopes which there are now good grounds for entertaining, that their labors and exertions will be crowned by the attainment of their object, the independence and the happiness of their country, will be their inducement for continuing, and, if possible, increasing, their exertions."

MEETING OF THE GERMAN SHAKSPERE SOCIETY.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: On April 23 the German Shakspere Society held its thirty-eighth annual meeting in Weimar. The President, Dr. Wilhelm Oechelhäuser, an octogenarian who has given nearly half his life to the promotion of the Society's interests, called the meeting to order promptly at 10:30 A. M., and in his opening address paid a deserved tribute to the memory of the late Grand Duke. The leading address was made by Ernst Possart, manager of the Bavarian Court Theatre. His topic was, "What Kind of Stage Scenery Is Best Adapted for the Plays of Shakspere?" Professor Possart's voice and delivery are alike admirable, and his discourse, which is now being printed for the thirty-seventh volume of the *Shakespeare-Jahrbuch*, will make interesting reading for the layman as well as for the Shakspere specialist. He called attention to the fact that, in the older theatres, only one-half the stage was movable, while now not only can both parts be moved, but the entire stage scenery can be shifted in just twelve seconds. In answer to the question whether it is always best to stage a play in the form in which the poet wrote it, or whether the stage manager has not the right to omit and to adapt, the speaker contended for the liberty of curtailment and adaptation. "The unfettered genius of a great poet, borne away by the very fulness of his thought, which he can never exhaust, finds outlet in an undue multiplicity of scenes." Schiller's "Don Carlos" and Goethe's "Faust" were cited in illustration. It was urged that, in the case of Shakspere, it was absurd to clamor for an unchanged stage-text, since no such thing was in existence. "Shakspere's plays were already changed and additions made even in the earliest quarto and folio editions."

At the banquet in the afternoon, Professor Schick, of the chair of English in the University of Munich, gave a toast to the Shakspere scholarship of America. He read aloud a part of the recently issued prospectus of the Shakspere Society of New York, and welcomed its forthcoming publication, *New Shakespeareana*, into the realm of Shakspere periodicals.

The play given at night in the Weimar Court Theatre in honor of the Shakspere Society was the Schlegel-Tieck version of "Macbeth," with Fräulein Schippel as *Lady Macbeth* and Herr Weiser as *Macbeth*. The stage management was under the direction of Professor Possart. The actors were at their best, and the audience, though composed largely of Shakspere specialists and critics, was generous in its applause from the first scene to the last.

Treasurer von Bojanowski's annual statement of the Society's growth and financial condition showed a large increase in the membership, which now numbers 375, and a surplus of $500 in the treasury. The only new honorary member elected by the Society was the Grand Duke Constantine of Russia, the translator of "Hamlet" and the author of a Shakspere Commentary. It is gratifying to note that the Society's select list of honorary members is headed by the name of our own Dr. H. H. Furness of Philadelphia.

C. Alphonso Smith.

39-40 Markgrafen Strasse, Berlin,
May 2, 1901.

Notes.

'The *Mayflower* and her Log,' by Dr. Azel Ames, and 'Content in a Garden,' by Mrs. Candace Wheeler, are among the latest announcements of Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago, have nearly ready 'Aphorisms and Reflections,' by Bishop Spalding.

A new edition of 'Lux Mundi,' with an appendix, is forthcoming from Thomas Whittaker.

The South Publishing Company, New York, has in press 'The Province of Quebec at the Beginning of the 20th Century: A Treatise of Natural Resources and Development,' by William H. P. Walker.

Under the general editorship of Caspar Whitney, the Macmillan Co. have in preparation a series of monographs on game under the title, "The American Sportsman's Library." The same firm announce a revised edition of Maurice Hewlett's 'Earthwork out of Tuscany'; a work on Marie Antoinette in the latter days of the French monarchy, by Miss Sophia H. MacLehose; 'The First Interpreters of Jesus,' by Prof. George Holley Gilbert; and 'Lectures on the History of Physiology during the 16th, 17th, and 18th Centuries,' by Sir Michael Foster, Secretary of the Royal Society.

'The Progress of the Century' (Harpers) is a retrospect composed of the papers which appeared weekly in the New York *Sun* at the opening of the present year. Names like those of Alfred Russel Wallace, Flinders Petrie, Sir J. Norman Lockyer, T. C. Mendenhall, Sir Charles Dilke, Capt. Mahan, Andrew Lang, Cardinal Gibbons, and Goldwin Smith (among others) attest the weight of the "symposium." The volume is well worth placing beside the corresponding survey published at one stroke by the *Evening Post*, 'The 19th Century' (Putnams).

A thin volume entitled 'American Orators and Oratory' (Cleveland, O.) reports three lectures delivered by Col. Higginson at Western Reserve University during the present year, under the auspices of the Western Reserve Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution. A good portrait of the lecturer accompanies his discourses on "Colonial Oratory, or the Reign of the Clergy," "Revolutionary Oratory, or the Rise of the Lawyers," and "Anti-Slavery and Lyceum Oratory," of which the speaker was no mean part. The third section has most permanent worth, but all are agreeable and suggestive, and calculated to interest more than the 500 to whom the limited impression is dedicated.

Mr. Richard Burton's short life of Whittier in the "Beacon Biographies" (Small, Maynard & Co.) suffers more than some other numbers of the same series from its spatial limitations. To write of a poet, as a poet, instructively, or even intelligibly, without quoting him freely, is quite impossible, and Mr. Burton hardly quotes Whittier at all. Mere titles of poems convey no idea of the poems to those who are not acquainted with them; and to those who know Whittier at first hand, either in his works or in the Pickard biography, this sketch will yield little or nothing. Its critical attitude towards Whittier is apologetic, as if we had got past his queer old-fashioned ways. This is especially true as regards the anti-slavery poems. None of his later poems, not even "Snow-Bound," stirred men's hearts as did

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the anti-slavery poems in their day. Moreover, Mr. Burton fails to see that it was Whittier's anti-slavery poems that made him a true poet. It is not likely that he would ever have been one without the intervention of his anti-slavery apostolate. From all this there is a certain remoteness in Mr. Burton's touch, as of a simulated interest and imperfect knowledge. Garrison is said to have started the *Liberator* in Washington, and Gamaliel Bradford is twice referred to as the editor of the *National Era* (Gamaliel Bailey, it should be); and Frémont's "defeat at the polls" is put in strange conjunction with his famous military order in Missouri, as if this were the cause of that.

'A Practical Treatise on Tunnelling,' by Charles Prelini (New York: Van Nostrand), gives a clear exposition of modern methods of tunnel construction in both Europe and America. Its typography deserves special mention as being far superior to that of most American technical books.

Those who are curious concerning the Old Catholic schism in Germany which followed the Vatican decrees of 1870, will welcome Dr. Goetz's 'Franz Heinrich Reusch: Eine Darstellung seiner Lebensarbeit' (Gotha: Perthes, 1901). It was well worth while to put on record such a sketch of the life and labors of one of Germany's most eminent scholars, but the story has an interest and importance beyond the mere biographical details. Like the correspondence between Cardinal Vaughan and St. George Mivart, it illustrates how completely intellectual subservience is the price required for Catholic unity; how external obedience to authority —whatever may be the mental reservation or revolt—is the one indispensable necessity for all who would maintain communion with Rome. To men like Döllinger and Reusch it was impossible to surrender convictions based upon the certitude of knowledge; trimmers like Bishop Hefele might submit and accept the reward of preferment, but these were men of different mould. In the quiet recital of Dr. Goetz and the extracts from Reusch's correspondence one can follow the internal conflict and the heroic resolve which was required for priests, bred and trained in the Catholic tradition, to endure excommunication and expulsion from the Church, and commence a new career in life, rather than prove false to their beliefs. What the Church lost in driving such men from its communion can be estimated from Reusch's monumental work on the Index—'Der Index der verbotenen Bücher'—of which the two solid octavos are an inexhaustible mine for all who would understand the intellectual, spiritual, and literary development of the last three centuries.

The two latest bibliographies of the New York State Library, Nos. 23 and 24, are a Reference List on Connecticut Local History and a Bibliography of New York Colonial History, respectively. Mr. Charles A. Flagg is sole compiler of the first, and joint compiler with Mr. Judson T. Jennings of the latter. Both are excellent performances, with the limitation that they depend upon the resources of the Library which puts them forth. In the case of Connecticut, the term "local history" is construed strictly, but ecclesiastical affairs had to be embraced in the scheme, for obvious reasons. Genealogies are not included. The New York list extends to 1776. Topics omitted are specified in the preface.

'Publications of the United States Naval Observatory: Second Series, Volume I.' is the title of a new volume of observations which begins with the resumption of work interrupted by a removal from the old Observatory and a remounting of the instruments. The former custom of issuing volumes annually has been abandoned "for many reasons," which are not, however, set forth, and hereafter the publications of the Observatory will appear at intervals depending upon the kind and amount of material available. The present volume contains all the transit-circle observations of the sun, moon, planets, and miscellaneous stars made during 1894 to 1898, except those of the "Astronomische Gesellschaft zone," —13° 50′ to —18° 10′.

An examination of the statistics of last year's petroleum product of the Baku fields, by Mr. J. C. Chambers of Batum, in the Consular Reports for May, and a consideration of the age of many of the wells, their gradual increase in depth and in water accumulation, can leave, he says, no doubt of the gradual draining of the territory. The total output was about two thousand million gallons (a little in excess of the previous year, on account of the number of new wells), of which three hundred millions were exported from Batum, and represent the competition with American oil. The facilities for transportation are being extended by the construction of pipe-lines and railways. The consumption of refined oil in Russia is greatly restricted by a tax of 5.6 cents upon a gallon of oil which can be delivered for 2.5 cents. Another proof that the loss of her colonies has been of benefit to Spain may be found in the starting of a large coffee plantation near Malaga, the cultivation of coffee in the peninsula having been forbidden while Cuba and Porto Rico were Spanish possessions. Some suggestive figures are given showing the predominance of German interests in Central America over those of other foreign nations, apropos of the reorganization of the German consular service in that country; and Mr. Fowler of Chefoo demonstrates by statistical tables the disastrous effects of the troubles in China upon American trade.

The *National Geographic Magazine* for May opens with a sketch of the political history of the Latin-American republics, by Mr. John W. Foster, in illustration of their incapacity for republican and representative government. There has been an absolute failure of the expedient to prevent revolutions tried by most of them—of forbidding in their constitutions reëlection to the Presidency. In the Brazilian Constitution there is an additional provision which makes ineligible to the Presidency candidates related by blood or marriage to the outgoing President in the first or second degree. Dr. Navarro gives some interesting facts in regard to the recent industrial progress of Mexico, and Mr. H. Gannett describes the physical features of Alaska. The variety of climate is shown by the fact that, at a point on the Yukon, "temperatures of —60 and of 87 degrees have been recorded, a range of 147 degrees." Then, in the interior, there is little dull, cloudy weather, while at Unalaska "only eight days in the year during several years of record were entirely clear, and only forty-five partly clear; the remaining 312 being cloudy, and 271 of those were rainy or snowy." Notwithstanding its immense mineral wealth and its extensive spruce forests, this writer is inclined to believe that Alaska's greatest value lies in the unrivalled grandeur and beauty of its mountain, fiord, and glacier scenery.

M. G. Darboux, the permanent Secretary of the Paris Academy of Sciences, has gathered much interesting information on the "International Association of Academies," of recent origin, in an article published in the *Revue Internationale de l'Enseignement* for March. The writer has himself contributed to the achievement of the task of uniting the great learned bodies of nearly all civilized nations in a single international organism, and his account of the movement, from its inception to its present stage of successful operation, is clear and fascinating. The complete statutes of the Association are embodied in the article.

Fifteen new letters of Heinrich Heine have recently been discovered by Ernst Elster, the well-known Heine scholar. They are addressed to an intimate friend of the poet during the years of his early manhood, namely, Rudolf Christiani, son of a Protestant theologian, a young lawyer of culture and refined tastes. A first instalment of the letters, together with comments by Elster, is published in the May *Rundschau*. The additional light which this friendship and the letters throw upon Heine's character does not tend to lower one's estimation of him—rather the opposite.

The telegram received last week, announcing the discovery of the half-eaten body of the Rev. James Chalmers, unhappily places beyond doubt the report of his murder. Born in Argyle in 1841, he sailed as a missionary to Rarotonga in 1866, and removed to New Guinea in 1877. He had penetrated further than any other European into the latter island. His heroic character won for him the warm personal friendship of Robert Louis Stevenson, who actually wished to survive him that he might write his life. There are several references to Chalmers in Stevenson's letters. In one he speaks of this missionary as "a man that took me fairly by storm for the most attractive, simple, brave, and interesting man in the whole Pacific"; in another, as "a man I love." The last action of Chalmers's life was in keeping with the general tone of it, for his murder by cannibals occurred during an attempt to make peace in a tribal fight.

—The new series of County Guides, published in London by J. M. Dent & Co. and in New York by E. P. Dutton & Co., will deserve success if its first volume is a fair specimen of what is to follow. In view of the King Alfred Millenary at Winchester next July, a beginning is made with Hampshire, which is interpreted as including the Isle of Wight. The plan of the book is well adapted to the needs of the tourist. First come eight itineraries, composing rather more than half the contents. These are followed by chapters, written by specialists, on local botany, entomology, geology, birds, fishing, shooting, and cycling. An alphabetical gazetteer gives more detailed information of the respective towns and villages than space allows in the itineraries. A map of the whole county, on the scale of four miles to an inch, is supplemented by nine sectional maps. The insertion of forty-one delightful illustrations makes this volume far pleasanter to glance through than the average guidebook. The author, Mr. George A. B. Dewar, knows his subject

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thoroughly, and has on the whole shown good judgment in selection; though we could have spared his occasional rhapsodies on the greatness of the British Empire, and his devotion of half a page to an entirely irrelevant description of the Thames from Battersea Bridge. Nor is our interest in the landscape at Netherton enhanced by learning that Mr. Dewar himself used to ride through it daily when he was being coached for Oxford. The literary associations of the county are recognized: one itinerary is occupied with "Charles Kingsley's Country" and another with "Gilbert White's Country." The book is published at a very moderate price.

—One of the most successful of the "Highways and Byways" Series is the latest volume by Mr. W. A. Dutt, entitled 'Highways and Byways in East Anglia' (Macmillan). The illustrations, by Mr. Joseph Pennell, over four hundred in number, or one to every page, charm the eye at once, and there are those to whom they may prove the main attraction of the book. But Mr. Dutt appeals to a wide audience. To the antiquarian, the student of literature, and, above all, to the lover of country life and scenes we can heartily recommend this attractive medley of anecdote, literary reminiscence, and description. In fact, we know of nothing of the kind that has given us so much pleasure as have these sympathetic sketches of a part of England little haunted by the tourist, where, free from the horrors of manufacturing towns, English rural life retains its keenest charm. The counties of Norfolk and Suffolk probably rival any other two in the United Kingdom for their roll of names distinguished in literature. They have bred a peculiar type of man. Sir Thomas Browne, Oliver Goldsmith, George Borrow, and Edward FitzGerald, to name only a few, were all men with marked personalities; and, in the case of the last two, especially, it may be said that their names suggest to the general reader, quite apart from their works, a certain original way of living and looking at life, an eccentricity that signified a real distinction of character. In the field of art, East Anglia boasts Gainsborough, Constable, and Crome. Norfolk and Suffolk pride themselves on being counties, not shires, and their seacoasts are fringed with legends of sunken villages and invasions of the Danish Vikings and Normans, while, to judge from Mr. Dutt's pages, they have more than their share of haunted Granges and records of murder and deeds of violence of all kinds. Mr. Dutt's pilgrimage was made on a bicycle; he gives a map of his course, and many will wish to follow it through the charming villages of which Mr. Pennell yields us glimpses. They cannot do better than take Mr. Dutt's book with them.

—The second instalment of Mr. Francis Olcott Allen's immensely laborious 'History of Enfield, Conn.' (Lancaster, Pa.: The Author) comes promptly to hand. Nothing more exhaustive in the line of local history has ever been attempted. Here we have in the words and style of contemporary chronicles the story of the upbuilding of a New England town from its first land purchase to the middle of the nineteenth century. In the first volume was reproduced with Chinese fidelity the record of land grants and town meetings. The second volume gives, first, a transcript of the Treasurer's Book and the Selectmen's Accounts, comprising many curious and suggestive items. Then follow church records of the First Ecclesiastical Society, and town and church records of births, marriages, and deaths. A very interesting account is given of the church separation following "The Great Awakening" and the formation of the "Enfield Strict Congregational or Separate Church." Mr. Allen includes the "Historical Narrative and Declaration" adopted by a convention of Separate leaders in 1781—a most valuable document, throwing much light upon the true inwardness of that remarkable religious movement. While certain general characteristics are common to these ancient towns, each develops marked individuality. Enfield's perverse spelling indicates isolation from Massachusetts's centre, and restricted privileges. This same isolation explains extreme minuteness of local detail, especially in the record of marriages and deaths. One good minister carefully sets down the fee received for performing the marriage service, varying from "a crown piece" to "two guineas more than weight." A careful study of the death record of town and church would reveal changes in mortuary conditions. The number of children dying in certain years shows the prevalence of epidemic distempers. In the church records from 1808 to 1848 the causes of death are set down with great particularity. The assignment of "languishment" as the cause of many deaths is noteworthy, and if the term needs a gloss, the Oxford Dictionary comes just in time to supply it, quoting this passage from Edward Augustus Kendall's 'Travels through the Northern Parts of the United States' (1809): "Pulmonary consumption. . . . This disease, which, after the country-people among the whites, they call a languishment, is equally fatal to the Indians." Students of local history will find a mine of treasure in these volumes.

—'Die Rechtsverhältnisse der Deutschen Schutzgebiete,' by Professor von Stengel, brings up to date a work of a similar nature published by him in 1895. Changes in the legal status, regulations, etc., of the German colonies have been far-reaching enough to render so recent a book obsolete. Some illuminating remarks on the general nature of colonies, protectorates, and spheres of interest precede a more detailed consideration of the national possessions. The modes of acquisition, the constitution, government, and system of justice of the colonies are treated with great precision, especially in their legal aspect. The protective power is exercised by the Emperor in the name of the Empire, but he has been restricted in many ways by a refractory Reichstag. As for the great monopolistic companies which it was hoped would develop the colonies with a minimum of expense to the mother country, one by one they have been obliged to surender their powers into stronger hands. The German colonies do not belong to the Zollgebiet, but rank as "Ausland"; their exports to the mother country are subject to duties. In the colonial system is to be noted the wide power of the Governor, which has often proved most salutary, and the rather minute and over-developed system of justice. The latter contrasts sharply with the rough-and-ready methods of English and American frontier justice. The impression left is that of an extremely complex system, bearing unmistakable marks of importation from Berlin and the "green baize." Plainly the natives cannot be expected to understand even the part of this system that applies to themselves. When not naturalized, they are subjects, and not citizens, and are under the general supervision of the Emperor. The question of their punishment is a vexatious one. What is punishment according to the European system may be a treat to the native. Imprisonment, for instance, realizes for the natives his highest ideal—life without exertion. Friction of various kinds has led to a strong movement towards restoring the administration of native justice to the native authorities, of course under supervision. From the legal standpoint, the present volume is, without question, the most authoritative treatise on German colonies.

CONRAD WEISER.

Conrad Weiser, and the Indian Policy of Colonial Pennsylvania. By Joseph S. Walton, Member of the Pennsylvania Historical Society. Philadelphia: George W. Jacobs & Co. Pages 420.

The author of the present comparative analysis of the Indian politics of the most important colonies which afterwards became parts of the Federal Union, is the present head of an old and well-known Friends' school in the city of Philadelphia. His work, in method, aim, and detail, bears the marks characteristic of the product of Quaker training. It is exact, painstaking, and thoroughgoing, and must receive the consideration of all students who candidly desire to know the whole of the origin of the American social and political fabric. At the same time it is written in a very frigid style, enlivened by no gleam of the imagination from cover to cover. It reads as if the Quaker conscience and the Quaker love of truth had perpetually compelled the author to hew the line close to the records, lest he run into those dangers of exaggeration and generalization that are so charming to the general reader and so much distrusted by the special student. A lighter hand and a freer rein would have set this narrative to galloping where now it moves after the fashion of an engineer's approaches to a besieged town, would have made a more popular if less valuable contribution to our history, and would have substituted a more humanly sympathetic treatment for the entirely intellectual breadth of view with which the author has considered his theme.

As a whole the work is far less a biography of Conrad Weiser than it is an exposition of the practical Indian politics of the colonies. The biographical details are all too few concerning one whose life was a romance, whose perils and hardships, undergone in the wilderness, were great, and whose services in behalf of an English America have been hitherto unknown to the writers of American history. These services consisted in deferring the French and Indian war through his influence with the Six Nations on the one hand and the colonial governments of New York, Pennsylvania, Virginia, Carolina, and Maryland on the other, until the colonists of English, German, and Dutch descent had grown strong enough, and had become sufficiently drawn together by common interests, to withstand the final alliance made by the French and the Indians against the seaboard settlers.

Conrad Weiser came into the service of

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the Province of Pennsylvania in 1738, at a time when the Delaware Indians, of whose interests William Penn had always been regardful, but to whose welfare Penn's heirs were indifferent, were losing their former prestige, and the powerful confederacy of the Six Nations was more and more deferred to by the Pennsylvania authorities. This change of policy on the part of the Proprietors of Pennsylvania seems to have been due largely to Conrad Weiser's influence. As a young man Weiser had spent much time with the Iroquois Indians in New York. For one period of eight months he lived with the chief, Quagnant, enduring a great deal of cold, and by spring, according to his own naïve narrative, his "hunger surpassed the cold by much." During a residence of fifteen years among the Indians he acquired a familiarity with the Indian tongue which, together with his honesty and acquaintance with the plans of both Indians and whites, made him the only completely satisfactory Indian interpreter in America. He first began to act as an interpreter between the Indians and the high-mettled Dutch, "and he himself recorded the fact that there was plenty of business and no pay."

In 1729, thirty-three years after his birth near Würtemberg, Germany, he followed his father from New York to the shores of the upper Schuylkill in Pennsylvania, participating in the migration of the dissatisfied Palatinates from the one colony to the other. The Tulpehocken lands where the Palatinates settled by invitation of Gov. Keith of Pennsylvania, belonged to the Delaware Indians, over whom the Six Nations claimed undisputed authority for a number of years. Shikellimy, an Oneida chief, was sent by the Six Nations to the forks of the Susquehanna in 1728, to look after these land interests and to exercise general oversight over the Shawanese and Delaware Indians. Near where Sunbury now stands, Shikellimy dwelt until his death in the winter of 1748-49. During nearly the whole of this period this ambassador of the Six Nations and Conrad Weiser trusted each other completely, and, through Shikellimy, Weiser exerted an influence in the Indian politics of half-a-dozen colonies greater than that of any other white man. It was Weiser who made known to the Pennsylvania authorities the power of the Iroquois tribe and the importance of the Six Nations, and out of this knowledge grew the agreements, treaties, or conveyances of 1732 and 1736, by which on the one side the Iroquois promised not to convey any land within the limits of Pennsylvania except to Penn's heirs, and on the other side Pennsylvania became sponsor for the Iroquois claims on the Delaware River. The Delaware Indians with whom William Penn had dealt were thus set completely aside, as a result of the work of Shikellimy and Conrad Weiser. For this, Pennsylvania was drenched in blood from 1755 to 1764; but, says our author, "Pennsylvania suffered that a nation might live. She brought upon herself after many years a Delaware war, but escaped a Six Nations war, a French alliance with the Iroquois, and the threatening possibility of the destruction of all the English colonies on the coast."

It is made plain in the course of these interesting pages that, but for this compact made by Penn's heirs with the Iroquois, a compact by which each side sought wholly selfish ends, the Six Nations would have yielded to the advances of the French, who were much better organized than the English, and who dealt much more understandingly than the English settlers with the Indians. This compact being made, the shrewd Iroquois, dominating the policy of the Six Nations, found themselves in a position where, through a long course of years, they were tempted to play the Englishmen and the Frenchmen against each other. The Indians took what they could get from the French in wampum, money, powder, lead, and rum, and then induced the English to bid higher. While this auction was extending over the years from 1732 to 1755, the English colonies were growing in population, in the means of defence, and in solidarity of interest. They had come to produce their own breadstuffs, and to make their own powder, while, when hostilities came, the French were compelled to buy their munitions of war in Europe with furs obtained from the Indians. Actual war cut off the French supply of furs and consequently the supply of powder. The Pennsylvania Quakers seized this favorable opportunity, and, through the skilful Moravian missionary, Frederick Christian Post, drew the Ohio Indians away from the French.

At the Philadelphia treaty of 1742, the Iroquois contemptuously ordered the Delaware Indians out of the council-house, made claim that both the Marylanders and Virginians were settling on lands that belonged to the Six Nations, desired the Governor of Pennsylvania to press for payment of these lands, and announced that they would take payment with the tomahawk if their claims were not recognized. On the way back to the woods from this conference, Conrad Weiser induced the Iroquois to reveal to him the strength of the tribes in alliance with the Six Nations. They told him that, outside of their own tribes, they controlled 5,000 warriors and an infinite number besides along the Mississippi and the lakes. The colonies were on the verge of an Indian war in January, 1743, when Conrad Weiser started through the snow for Shamokin on the Susquehanna, and met there the representatives of many tribes and nations who were waiting to learn what the white men proposed to do in regard to the recent murder of some Iroquois hunters in Virginia before setting the long frontier aflame. Maryland had been willing to negotiate with the Six Nations through Gov. Thomas of Pennsylvania in regard to the Iroquois land claim; but the Virginia authorities had blustered for some time before yielding to Weiser's advice. The Indians assembled at Shamokin, after long deliberation, consented to Weiser's plan of adjustment for the most part, but announced that war would be waged against Virginia unless the Virginians made amends for the wrong done the Iroquois hunters. Then the Virginia Governor promptly came to terms, and asked the Governor of Pennsylvania to send Weiser to the Indian chiefs with presents, and to arrange for a treaty in regard to the land question. Weiser, therefore, went to Onondago, where the council-fires of the Six Nations were held. When the "Black Prince" of the Onondagos welcomed Weiser, saying that he never came without bringing good news from Philadelphia, Weiser replied, "It is enough to kill a man to come such a long and bad road, over hills, rocks, old trees, and rivers, and to fight through a cloud of vermin and all kinds of poisonous worms and creeping things, besides being loaded with a disagreeable message"; whereupon, Weiser adds, the Indians laughed.

After the fashion of the modern caucus and the methods of the American Congress, Weiser held a number of secret interviews with the leading chiefs before the great council fire took place, and, after a ceremonial consideration of the subject, lasting for some days, the Indians agreed to a treaty at Lancaster with Maryland and Virginia, Pennsylvania acting as the mediator upon lines marked out by Weiser. The Lancaster treaty of 1744 was held at a time during which any day might bring news of a war with the French; and should the Six Nations ally themselves with the French, the future of the English colonies could easily be foreseen. Fortunately the conference was guided by Weiser. Virginia and Maryland were compelled to make financial provision for the Indians before coming to the treaty. These colonies were also speedily convinced of the wisdom of laying aside their opposition to the Iroquois land claims, and of settling for the Indian lands in such a way as to secure the friendship of the Six Nations. By Weiser's diplomacy the schemes of the French were thwarted, and the frontiers of the English from the Carolinas to New England were protected. Faithful to the white man's best interests, Weiser was also true to his Indian friends. New England and New York were as anxious to have the Iroquois take up the hatchet against the French as the French were that the Indians should tomahawk and scalp the English. The Six Nations desired to remain neutral, and, in their efforts in this direction, were assisted by Weiser, who was in turn backed by the province of Pennsylvania.

To Weiser Gov. Gooch of Virginia again turned in the autumn of 1744, when Carolina and Virginia desired that the Catawba Indians of the South and the Six Nations should make peace. Gov. Thomas of Pennsylvania and the Assembly of that colony promptly took the matter up, and Weiser was persuaded once more to make the long journey to Onondago. On approaching that place in the spring of 1745, in company with Andrew Montour, a Pennsylvania half-breed, and among the Delawares a person of importance, the chief Shikellimy and the chief's son, it was learned that the Indians were just about starting for Canada to hold a treaty with the French. The Indians, however, informed Weiser that they knew what they were about; that they had decided what to say to the French, and would not yield their position, and that they desired to remain neutral, since, if either the French or English conquered, the Indians would be driven to the wall by the conqueror. As we know, the English conquered, and the fate which the Indians feared befell them when the balance of power, which they so ardently desired to preserve, was destroyed. At the Albany Conference of 1745 the New England colonies were determined to push the Six Nations into a war with the French. Pennsylvania opposed this policy, and urged that, if it could be carried out, the Indians of opposite sides would pass one another and [illegible] the whites. Exasperated by the insistence of Massachusetts, New York declared that colonies with a long unprotected frontier should not be dragged into a war for

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which they were not prepared. The outcome was that the Indians, supported by Pennsylvania, declined to be pushed into a war, and within Pennsylvania the Quakers became justifiably suspicious that proposed future conferences were intended only to let loose the tomahawk and scalping-knife. In 1747 Col. Johnson, the Indian agent for the province of New York, induced the Mohawks and several straggling tribes "to take up the hatchet" against the French; Massachusetts voted four thousand pounds to encourage the Six Nations to prosecute the war. John Kinsey, the leader of the Pennsylvania Assembly, favored the Iroquois struggle for neutrality, and he thwarted the efforts of New York and New England towards securing a general congress of the colonies which should induce the Iroquois to take sides, and the Iroquois thus won.

In 1748 Weiser made a treaty with the Ohio River Indians at a place called Logstown, which stood on what is now the Allegheny River, below the present city of Pittsburgh. This treaty left Pennsylvania in possession of the Indian trade from Logstown to the Mississippi, and from the Ohio to the Michigan region. Virginia assisted in the furtherance of this treaty, but Maryland would contribute nothing towards the expenses. As soon as it was discovered that Weiser had unlocked a mine of wealth, Virginia made claim to the Ohio land, alleging that, under the Lancaster treaty of 1744, the border of the Virginia lands then negotiated for extended as far west as "the setting sun." The Indians, however, always maintained, Weiser supporting the contention, that the western border of their lands was meant to be the line of the Allegheny Mountains where the sun sank from view. The Virginians persisted, and organized the Ohio Company, a land company in which Laurence and Augustine Washington were interested. Trade rivalries between Pennsylvania and Virginia ensued; and while the English traders were thus at odds, the better organized French pushed into the Ohio territory. The French did not permit rum traders and debauchees to accompany them. The English had no conscientious scruples on this score, and their rapacity did much to demoralize the Indians and injure their own cause. Indians made drunk by English rum participated in quarrels and crimes. Col. Thomas Cresap, the Maryland trader, told the Indians that the Pennsylvania traders cheated them. Weiser and Richard Peters, representing Pennsylvania, on the other hand, told the Indians at a conference held in 1750, that they would do well to trade with the Virginians and Marylanders, and advised the Indians to give the preference wherever they could trade with the most advantage. To quote our author:

"Weiser stood alone. He was no Indian trader. Col. Johnson [the New York Indian agent], George Croghan [the Pennsylvanian, who was the greatest of all the Indian traders], Andrew Montour [the Pennsylvania half-breed], the Ohio Company, and a host of little traders were all bent on their personal gain, and consequently jealous of each other. . . . The colonies became the dupes of an army of mercenary traders. And in proportion as the colonial interests were divided, the French by centralization won. In 1750 the English controlled the trade on the Ohio, the Scioto, and the Wabash, and shared it with the French in the lake region. By 1755 this trade was all lost."

Finally, the determination of the French to drive the English from the Western country and the promises of the French to help the Delaware Indians regain their Western lands, which had been taken from them by Pennsylvania's treaties with the Six Nations, gave the Delawares the opportunity to revenge their wrongs and insults over which they had long brooded. A number of their young men and most of the Ohio tribes put on the war paint. The incompetency shown in the management of the Braddock expedition by the English sent the Indians to the French side in great numbers. The Six Nations could no longer control the Western Indians. Conrad Weiser had been set aside, and the management of Indian affairs passed from Pennsylvania, owing to a blundering policy which substituted inferior men for the carrying on of the important work in hand. Finally, independently of governors and self-seeking Indian agents and ignorant crown representatives, the Pennsylvania Quakers succeeded in persuading the Shawanese and Delaware Indians to desert the French; the Quaker agent being Frederick Christian Post, a missionary of the Moravians, for whom the Delawares had a strong affection.

In the Indian politics of the colonies it is apparent that the Indian love of justice and veracity, their regard for the memory of William Penn, and their long memory for wrongs and benefits, were as important factors as their cupidity and their appetite for rum. It is significant, too, that Conrad Weiser, to whose influence and efforts may be justly attributed the firm establishment of the English colonies upon the seaboard, and the Moravian missionary Post, who finally made peace with the Delaware Indians, were both Germans.

FOUR BOOKS ON MUSICAL TOPICS.

Tchaikovsky. By Rosa Newmarch. John Lane.

Choirs and Choral Music. By Arthur Mees. Scribners.

Musical Studies and Silhouettes. By Camille Bellaigue. Dodd, Mead & Co.

Handel. By C. F. Abdy Williams. E. P. Dutton & Co.

In 1888, five years before his death at the age of fifty-three, Tchaikovsky wrote in his diary that up to that time his music was almost unknown in Berlin. In the same year he was greatly surprised to get an invitation to conduct his first suite at a Gewandhaus concert in Leipzig. Vienna was still further behind the times, for when Brodsky played Tchaikovsky's violin concerto there, Dr. Hanslick characterized it as "stinking music"; and when Tchaikovsky once visited that city with the idea of giving a concert, he was barely mentioned in the newspapers, whereas the third-rate Mascagni, about the same time, stirred up the whole town to such a turmoil of excitement that the press recorded all his movements as if he had been a king. It is the old story of musical genius having to wait till after death for recognition. To-day, Tchaikovsky's "Pathétique" is the most popular of all symphonies, and even in London his name draws better than any other except Wagner's.

In view of the great vogue this Russian's music has acquired within the last decade, it seems strange that there should be so little literature about him. The musical dictionaries of Riemann, Grove, and Baker do not mention a single book or even essay on him. Two years ago, however, the "Harmonie" of Berlin published a volume of 127 pages entitled 'Musikalische Erinnerungen und Feuilletons von Peter Tschaikowsky.' This contains a brief biographic introduction, a diary of his musical experiences in Leipzig, Berlin, and Hamburg in 1888, and a number of selections from the musical criticisms which he wrote for Moscow newspapers during several years, when he needed funds. Most of this material is translated from Professor Laroche's Russian volume, 'The Collected Writings of Tchaikovsky.' In the English language the best essay on Tchaikovsky is to be found in Huneker's 'Mezzotints in Modern Music.' The volume now before us, by Rosa Newmarch, is the first attempt at a regular biography; a mere sketch, to be sure, of 105 pages, but it is well to make a beginning. The rest of her volume consists of the 1888 diary and fifty-nine pages of selections from the musical criticisms just referred to.

These criticisms are singularly disappointing. They show, on the whole, a strange lack of insight and appreciation of what is best in music. Bach the Russian composer did not care for; Beethoven usually bored him; Chopin failed to interest him until Nicholas Rubinstein opened his eyes; he submitted to Schumann's influence, but dwelt more on his faults than his merits. The "Lohengrin" prelude left him cold, and so did the Nibelung performances of 1876, and it was not till some years later that the greatness of Wagner dawned on him. Nor had he the least use for Brahms: "There is something dry, cold, vague, and nebulous in the music of this master which is repellent to Russian hearts. From our Russian point of view Brahms does not possess melodic invention." Throughout these criticisms there is a certain timidity, a lack of decision, a vacillation between the romantic and the classical. The fact that most of Tchaikovsky's criticisms were written between 1872 and 1876, when his genius was not yet matured, helps us to understand his indecision. In the field of opera, his early sympathies even went with Rossini and Donizetti, which explains why his operas failed to make their way outside of Russia.

That this same man should have become, in the realm of orchestral music, one of the leaders of the modern movement, as original and up-to-date as Liszt, Grieg, Dvorák, Saint-Saëns, is one of the marvels of musical history, and makes him an extremely interesting object of study. Under these circumstances, it is to be greatly regretted that he one day destroyed the many bound volumes of his diary. However, it is said that hundreds of letters by him are extant and ready to be printed. It will then be possible to prepare a more elaborate biography than the one under review. The author does not credit the commonly accepted opinion that Tchaikovsky committed suicide. Yet she relates how, after his marriage, he tried to end his life by standing up to his chest in a river in the hope of catching a fatal cold. There was no doubt a pathological element in his life; yet that does not justify the writer in speaking of his preference for the minor as "morbid." The minor mood is quite as healthy as the major.

Mr. Arthur Mees is better known as a choral conductor than as a writer. He is at present conductor of the Mendelssohn Glee Club of New York, and formerly was

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Theodore Thomas's assistant in Cincinnati and elsewhere. For some years he also wrote the notes for the Philharmonic programmes. His book on 'Choirs and Choral Music' is the work of an expert, and covers its department thoroughly. Perhaps it would have been better to devote less space to the older masters, including Bach and Handel, and more to the moderns, who have been less written about. But the writer might retort that the older masters are still more in vogue than the later ones, because they have never been equalled in this branch of music. Unlike orchestral music, choral music is chiefly in the hands of amateurs, and it is to such that Mr. Mees addresses himself. Special chapters are devoted to the history of amateur choral culture in England, Germany, and America, and the final chapter deals with the chorus in general and chorus conducting; this includes many practical hints. Mr. Mees's volume is the fourth in Scribner's "Music Lover's Library."

Ellen Orr is the translator of Camille Bellaigue's 'Musical Studies and Silhouettes.' The best chapter in it is the one on "Beethoven and his Nine Symphonies," though it contains nothing new or brilliant. There are good things in the chapter on Italian music and Verdi's last two operas; and the one on the Italian sources of Gluck's "Orpheus" appeals to students of history. The long section entitled "Sociology in Music" is rambling, rhapsodic matter that is neither particularly entertaining nor instructive. "The Exotic in Music" is apropos of Saint-Saëns. The "Silhouettes" are a series of brief sketches of great masters which have no special *raison d'être*.

A new volume on Handel seems hardly to supply a long-felt want, yet while Handel remains the greatest of "English" composers, books on him will continue to pour from the London press. The amateurs for whom Mr. Mees's book was written will find Mr. Williams's useful, too, and at the same time entertaining, with plenty of anecdotes. The vexed subject of "additional accompaniments" is sensibly treated, but something more ought to have been said about Robert Franz's services to Handel. It will amuse—or possibly annoy—the Handelites to read (p. 229) that their idol, like Wagner, was charged with being inordinately "noisy." "How this would have delighted Handel!" the King once exclaimed to Lord Pembroke, after a thunderclap had burst right over their heads.

Through Siberia. By J. Stadling. Edited by F. H. H. Guillemard. E. P. Dutton & Co. 1901. 8vo, pp. xvi, 315, with 47 cuts and 2 maps.

The author of this volume is favorably known as one of the party who at the time of famine in Russia, a few years ago, as a volunteer assistant to the Tolstoys and others, devoted his time and energies to the work of succor. He was also a friend of Andrée, and accompanied him to Spitzbergen on both his preliminary and his final journey. When the long months had passed with no news from the balloon party, it was thought good that some one should journey to the northern coast of Siberia in the vicinity of the Taimyr peninsula to see if any news of Andrée had been received there, and to warn the aborigines to be on the lookout for the balloon and its passengers, living or dead. At the request of the Swedish Society for Geography and Anthropology, Mr. Stadling agreed to undertake this journey, for which private subscription and the "Vega-stipendium" supplied the necessary funds. He was accompanied to the lower Lena by Mr. Nilson, a botanist desirous of exploring the tundra flora, and had, during the whole journey, the companionship of Mr. H. Fraenkel, a brother of Knut Fraenkel of the Andrée balloon party. The plan, in general, was to proceed to Irkutsk and down the Lena to the Arctic Coast, thence westward along the shores to the Taimyr peninsula, across it to the mouth of the Yenisei, and then southward along this river, regaining their original route at Krasnoyarsk.

The difficulty and danger of the journey will be well understood by those who have read the story of the *Jeannette* expedition and its attempted rescue. The Arctic part of it was accomplished in early winter by the self-sacrifice of some of the heathen natives, who responded to the plea that the travellers were seeking their lost brethren, though they had refused to undertake the transport for reward alone. Leaving Stockholm in April, 1898, and having their work facilitated in every way by cordial concurrence of the Russian authorities, they reached home again after the lapse of eight months, without obtaining any news of Andrée, but having prepared the natives for his cordial reception if he should come, and with the satisfaction that everything possible had been done for the welfare of the lost explorers.

Mr. Stadling's narrative is not cast in the form of a diary or itinerary, and is more readable on that account. He gives the main incidents of the journey as they occurred, but in general his chapters take the form of a description of natural and sociological conditions in the region and among the people visited, with some supplementary considerations on the general state of Siberia and its colonization, the exile system and its effects. It is probable that conditions have improved in the two years which have elapsed since Mr. Stadling's journey, but a recent traveller confirms his account of them as essentially accurate. When one remembers that, for a century, into a sparsely populated territory, there has been poured a constantly increasing flood of thieves, murderers, and less serious misdemeanants, especially incorrigible drunkards, it should not surprise us to find that the best efforts of the respectable Siberians have not succeeded in maintaining public morals at an even tolerable level. Accustomed as we are to the security of American express-trains, it is something of a shock to learn that on the Trans-Siberian line some one must constantly watch the baggage to prevent theft while the traveller is stretching his legs on the platform or drinking a cup of tea at a station restaurant. That lying as a fine art, for the mere pleasure of the imagination, is a favorite amusement, has long been known as a Siberian trait, but the frequency of crimes of violence, even in the larger cities, is not generally realized except by students of sociology.

For instance, in the city of Tomsk, which has a fine museum and university, not long since the official records showed, between July 1 and October 7, no less than 30 cases of murder and robbery, and, during another period of three months, 58 crimes of the same kind had been committed. From the official statistics it appears that in many places more than half the number of crimes are committed by exiles, though the latter form only 6 per cent. of the population; that the worst crimes, such as murder, occupy the first place on the list; that counterfeiting, introduced by runaway prisoners, has spread immensely among the peasantry; that the increase in crime is far in advance of the increase in population, and is accelerating from year to year in an appalling manner. It is no wonder that the cry for relief of the best Siberian residents has at last penetrated to the ears of the Czar. We find, from Stadling's unsensational statements, that the evils with which we are familiar in our own frontier regions reappear in Siberia immensely aggravated by the lawlessness and ignorance of the population, the corruption of officials, and the incubus of the exile system; as, indeed, would be expected from the history of transportation of criminals in other countries. One hopes for amelioration from the great flood of peasant immigration which has followed the opening of the railway, and doubtless this hope will in time be realized; but, for the present, the conditions are most painful, and seriously complicated by difficulties due to uncertainty of what may be called land-titles.

In early days, land being practically worthless, settlers were permitted to squat where they chose, and, naturally, picked out the best spots, or tried one place, and, after exhausting its resources, selected another; all this without acquiring any valid title. Now bodies of emigrants sometimes arrive at a piece of land officially allotted to them and find it perhaps stripped of its timber, and the soil exhausted; or, on the other hand, occupied and improved by tenants in possession for many years. Violent conflicts, legal or physical, are the natural consequence. Final decisions being dependent upon the dicta of an ill-paid and often corrupt staff of local officials, the results may be imagined. Add to this the denial of initiative, which has rendered the peasant emigrant helpless for centuries under an absolute Government, and the failure of justice which is likely to follow under such conditions becomes almost a certainty. On the whole, anticipations in regard to the progress and welfare of the new Siberian population are not bright, and betterment will come but slowly. In many parts of Siberia it would seem as if regeneration were more likely to come through the aboriginal population, such as the Buriats, who, by the testimony of travellers, possess elements of character superior to those of the so-called civilized and Christian immigrants. Among the weaker peoples of the North, wanderers over a bleak and barren expanse of tundra, the effect of contact with the trader and his liquor has been most demoralizing, as often witnessed on our own frontier. The converted natives are naturally the worst, and one pathetic incident is mentioned by Stadling of a heathen mother warning her son, about to depart on a journey, not to be led into vicious ways by his Christian associates!

The most important lesson to be learned from the statement of conditions in Siberia given by our author is that the civilization and development of that vast and almost virgin territory is not likely to parallel the

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growth and results obtained under other conditions by the Anglo-Saxon in Australia or the great West of America; and the competition of Siberia in the markets of the world is hardly likely to be perceptible for many years to come. The elements for a real regeneration do not at present appear to exist, and are certainly too feeble to warrant the belief in any very rapid change. That the eternal years of God will eventually bring them, we have no right to doubt, and for that, however gloomy the outlook, every patriotic Russian must continue to work and pray.

The Council of Constance to the Death of John Hus. By James Hamilton Wylie, M.A. Longmans, Green & Co. 1900.

Mr. Wylie's 'Council of Constance,' like Dr. Ward's 'Great Britain and Hanover,' represents a course of Ford Lectures at Oxford. This fact, apparently of slight importance, is significant, for it has a direct bearing on the author's manner of expressing himself. In his 'History of England under Henry the Fourth' Mr. Wylie pays no attention whatever to the public, even to the educated public. He writes for scholars only, and gives them unvarnished "results." But here, in his lectures, he becomes much more popular, and shows a keen wit which could hardly have been suspected by readers of his previous volumes. His choice of a subject may be likened to that of Mr. Gardiner when he wrote a book about the Thirty Years' War. The relations between English and Continental history have not, on the whole, been sufficiently accentuated. Just as Mr. Gardiner was led by his own special work on the early Stuart period to master the main features of political activity in France, Germany, and Spain, Mr. Wylie has been brought into close contact with the Great Schism and other disturbances in the Latin Church during the reign of Henry IV. Hence, doubtless, this volume.

The Council of Constance was the most important gathering of the Western Church which was held between the Fourth Lateran Council and the opening sessions of the Council of Trent. From the nature of the issues presented to it and from its distinguished personnel, it surpasses the other general councils of the fifteenth century, Pisa and Basel, while the part of the Emperor Sigismund in securing its summons and watching over its transactions brings it into close relations with the Holy Roman Empire. But did the Council preserve a high tone, and was its work beneficent? Are we to exalt its leading men and call them eagles of the faith, or must we consider that in many respects the Council fell short of its opportunities? These are questions which arise after the importance of the assembly has been admitted, and they are inevitably suggested by Mr. Wylie's description of many scenes which occurred between the arrival of John XXIII. and the death of John Huss. Dr. Creighton points out how entire was the failure of the Council to accomplish any permanent results, but he has a higher opinion of its collective wisdom and virtue than that which Mr. Wylie professes.

The motive of these lectures is very simple. Mr. Wylie heightens the contrast between the lenient action of the Council towards John XXIII. and its animosity towards Huss by throwing other matters into the background. It is not only that "an infallible Council awakened to the discovery that they had been worshipping a mole, and that the man whose feet they had lately kissed as their Most Holy Father was a rogue and a liar, who had run away from his post with shame and dishonor, and whose record was so bad that contemporary chroniclers would not pollute their pages with describing it for fear of imperilling their readers' souls." Mr. Wylie puts the case more strongly still when, after reciting the dreadful list of charges which was brought against the Pope, he says: "To this each of the nations recorded its solemn Placet, though John Huss was right when he guessed that if Jesus had been present and had said: 'He that is without simony amongst you, let him cast the first stone,' all present must have left their seats and walked out of the church." Moreover, after accepting these vile accusations and deposing John XXIII., the Council left him in case to be partially rehabilitated. He was reconciled with Martin V., the Pope whom the Council chose, and died Cardinal of Frascati.

Coming to Huss, Mr. Wylie has little sympathy with the view that the Council must not be blamed for his execution because it acted according to law, or even with liberality towards the accused. Leaving aside the old strain of vilification, like that of Dobneck, he criticises the modern brief against Huss by saying: "And yet, after all, there seems to be an uneasy feeling that there is something faulty somewhere in this otherwise neat presentment, for we are still called upon invariably to remember that the action of the Council is not to be judged by the standard of the present day." Mr. Wylie accepts the fifteenth-century standard, and points, on the one hand, to the "churchmen who saw no need for any apologetic excuses to explain away their cruelty," on the other, to Bohemia enraged at Sigismund's breach of faith and expressing its feeling by a desperate war. His conclusion concerning the whole matter is, that Sigismund had the power to protect Huss, and was guilty of dishonor in not abiding by the pledge of safety which he gave. "Those writers, therefore, in my opinion, have best gauged the essence of the story of John Hus who see in it a struggle for supremacy between the right of the State to protect freedom of thought, and the right of the Church to repress the heretic, resulting in an unconditional surrender of the former."

This is the theoretical side, but Mr. Wylie never gets far away from the practical and personal issues. When speaking of the controversy which raged between Romanists and Protestants in the sixteenth century over the question of Huss's trial and death, he says: "Thus was built up throughout Europe a bulky, barren bibliography of alternate encomium and abuse, and it took nearly 200 years more before attention was forced to the repulsive fact that the Church had dealt leniently with an orthodox Pope of scandalous life, and hardened itself into savage cruelty towards a misbeliever whose moral life was beyond all shadow of reproach." He cannot forgive a Council which, under whatever plea, treated John XXIII. and John Huss so differently.

Mr. Wylie still further diminishes the prestige of the Council by reciting details which show the secular and profane spirit of life at Constance. "Each of the great lords had brought his minstrelsy, and the streets echoed with hundreds of fifes, trumpets, bagpipes, and viols; no business was done on feast days, when everything gave place to the jongleurs and players. . . . Every day the courtyard of the Apostolic Palace was alive with tilting and a vertigo of shouts, while scarce a week went by without its ridings, feasts, dances, tournaments, and processions." He keeps the attention fixed on unseemly bickerings between Pope and Emperor, nebulous discussions, and hairsplitting metaphysics. Among the doctors assembled to secure reform in head and members there is none for whom he has any great reverence. Zabarella seems to hold his respect, but, without attacking D'Ailli or Gerson, he mentions them slightly. *E. g.*, "The absence of the Pope presented a technical difficulty, and D'Ailli was shy of granting a process on the ground that the question was one for lawyers, and so the deadlock continued in a cloud of words." And of Gerson: "Processions were accordingly ordered for every Sunday while the King was away, excommunication was pronounced against all who should impede him on the road, and Gerson preached a send-off sermon in which he prayed that the angels would bear him up in their hands lest at any time he should dash his foot against a stone."

We have read Mr. Wylie's lectures with close attention, partly because they are original, and partly because they are entertaining. As a sketch of the Council, even down to the point proposed, they are by no means exhaustive, and their treatment of theological topics is inclined to be a little flippant. Mr. Wylie presents strongly a few aspects of a complicated episode. He satirizes the action of the Council towards John XXIII., he will not palliate its cruelty towards Huss, and he makes one see vividly how many lines of human interest converge to that great assembly which met on the shore of the Boden See.

The Teaching of Latin and Greek in the Secondary School. By C. E. Bennett and A. P. Bristol. Longmans, Green & Co. 1901. Pp. 336.

Six hundred years ago, in the earlier Renaissance, John of Salisbury fought a good fight for classical studies, and his arguments have hardly been bettered by those who to-day take up the cudgels for Latin and Greek. Prof. Bennett, who is responsible for about two-thirds of the work before us, devotes fifty pages to an apologia for Latin. Academic discussions of the disciplinary value of Latin are little likely to raise the percentage of students of the subject, and it is a fact that the present enormous and rather surprising increase in the number of Latin pupils in secondary schools in America is taking place in the teeth of an opposition to classical studies better organized, and equipped with stronger arguments, than ever before. The writer who declared in the *Popular Science Monthly* that the Greeks "surpassed the world in philosophical acuteness" simply because they did not study foreign languages, is hardly an alarming foe; but such men as the late Prof. Boyesen in this country, Herbert Spencer and Bain in England, and Paulsen in Germany, are not to be so lightly dismissed.

Prof. Bennett recognizes that, in America, the problem must be envisaged quite otherwise than in Germany. A German

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schoolboy, when he leaves his gymnasium for the University, has studied Latin for at least nine, and Greek for six, years. The amount of work devoted to the classics in this period and the facility acquired seem almost incredible to the secondary-school teacher in America, unless, indeed, he has been enlightened by Prof. Münsterberg's caustic indictment of American school training in a number of last year's *Atlantic Monthly*. But the Germans may well pause to ask whether, in these days of increasing interest in scientific research, the value gained is proportionate to the length and costliness of their classical training. In England, as Prof. Bennett might have shown, the case is much the same. There, from the age of eight, or often earlier, Latin is the schoolboy's daily study, Greek following with little delay; for the last two or three years of his school-work, if the boy be intended for a classical course at college, his time is almost wholly devoted to Greek and Latin; and his school training is the preliminary to three or four years at the University of specialization in the classics, to the exclusion of every other branch of knowledge. The excellent effect of such studies on his English style has been illustrated by many an English writer who had had no other training in English composition than comes from translating; style naturally counting for almost everything in the school and University ideal of a perfect translation. The value of such an exercise as a training in the vernacular is admirably emphasized by Prof. Bennett (p. 22). It cannot be denied that this sort of training has a narrowing effect on all but the best minds. In this country, however, there is no danger of narrowness, and the question is whether the "small Latin and less Greek" that can be acquired in so varied a curriculum as is demanded by the American ideal of a general education, has any worth except for disciplining the mind.

Professor Bennett frankly rejects the notion that the average educated man will, in later life, devote any portion of his leisure to the Latin authors. He therefore falls back on his conviction, which we share, that "Latin is not only the best single instrument, but practically an indispensable instrument" in secondary education; which is, from its nature, disciplinary. His defence is well reasoned, and will appeal to all but the prejudiced, who, in any case, are quite unlikely to read it. Professor Bennett proceeds to examine certain text-books and methods now in vogue, and here it is a case of ἔνδον ὁ πόλεμος. The modern Beginner's Book as a substitute for the old-fashioned grammar and reader is attacked as unsystematic and "pedagogically unsound" (p. 53); to the Beginner's Book is traced the conspicuous inferiority of Latin students turned out nowadays, even from the best New England preparatory schools, to the pupils of twenty years ago in the matter of precise knowledge of Latin grammar. It is to be hoped that all secondary teachers of Latin will consider this impeachment of a type of book whose insidious popularity is, we fear, due partly to the fact that it materially lightens the teacher's work. The so-called "Inductive Method" is condemned for much the same defects as the Beginner's Book, and it is pointed out that even the name is a misnomer, as the process is truly deductive. Professor Bennett's attitude towards the Roman pronunciation now in vogue is decidedly pessimistic. His advice to teachers is to recognize and admire it in its perfection, but to adopt an easier pronunciation, which pupils will be more likely to use with consistency. We cannot agree with Professor Bennett that the "sober, conservative sense of . . . English educators has thus far resisted . . . this unwise spirit of innovation." The old-fashioned "English" pronunciation of Latin is rapidly falling into disuse in England, both for schools and for universities. Professor Bennett's counsel of despair is much as though one should advise an Englishman to cultivate a "Stratford-atte-Bowe" accent for French because he can never hope to attain to the Parisian standard.

We have not space to dwell on Professor Bennett's interesting discussions of the Latin authors to be read in secondary schools, the general conduct of the Latin work, and the teaching of Latin composition, though on all these points his remarks invite commendation for the most part, and here and there criticism. His discussion of Latin prosody, however (pp. 175-190), calls for special comment. In 1898-9 Professor Bennett, in the *American Journal of Philology*, developed at length, and with much citation of ancient grammarians, his view that, in Latin poetry, "ictus" is not stress; that Latin is, like French, a language of level stress; that Latin poetry must be read precisely like prose, *i. e.*, without rhythmic stress. His position was vigorously attacked, in the same journal, by Professor Hendrickson, who had the last word of a controversy now revived by Professor Bennett. The articles of both disputants in the *Journal* are an amusing illustration of the incapacity of the philologian to see his opponent's point of view, combined with a faculty of drawing quite opposite conclusions from the same evidence. The general consensus appears to be against Professor Bennett's theory; and he certainly has not, so far, explained how on his theory he would scan with rhythmic effect a set of Latin anapæsts in which the rhythm actually depends on stressing the second (*i. e.*, short) syllable of the dactyl. We dwell on this point because it seems unfortunate that a writer of Professor Bennett's authority should urge secondary-school teachers to adopt an innovation, so important, that has not received the adherence of classical scholars.

Professor Bristol's share of the book is less open to controversy. He does not make a systematic defence of Greek, though it would seem to be more necessary than in the case of Latin. His section contains many useful hints for the conduct of elementary Greek work. Most teachers will agree with him that the Odyssey would be better than the Iliad for beginners in Homer, and that almost any early dialogue of Plato is more suitable than the 'Apology' so generally read as an introduction to Plato's style and philosophy. Few, we believe, will commend his advice to the elementary student to read the New Testament with his Xenophon and Homer. The beginner's notions of Greek syntax are confused by the comparison of Homer and Xenophon. He would gain nothing by being confronted, at this stage, with the eccentricities of post-classical Greek.

The work as a whole should be in the hands of every secondary teacher, who will find much to applaud, much to ponder, and much to stimulate criticism. On p. 189 the reference to Professor Bennett's article should read p. 361 instead of 316.

Selections from Dante's Divina Commedia, Chosen, Translated, and Annotated by Richard James Cross. Henry Holt & Co.

In his preface to this attractive little volume, Mr. Cross almost apologizes for undertaking, at this late day, "to make a contribution, however small, to the enormous mass of Dante literature"; and there was reason for his scruples. Translations of the 'Divine Comedy' exist in abundance, and more than twenty volumes of selections—chrestomathies for students, dictionaries of familiar quotations, calendars, and what not—have been published in the last twenty years. But Mr. Cross's book differs in plan and purpose from any of the others with which we have compared it, and the work has been executed by both translator and publisher with a taste and skill which justify the undertaking. The translations are in prose and adhere very closely to the original. In fact, Mr. Cross appears to agree substantially with Professor Norton as to the most effective way of interpreting Dante to English readers; and, like Mr. Norton, while discarding all the adornments which a metrical version might permit, and depending solely upon the interest and import of Dante's thought, he has at the same time succeeded in keeping much of the spirit of the poem.

The book is intended for two classes of readers—for those who have no knowledge of Italian and would hardly have the patience to read the whole poem in translation, and for those students of the original who may find in the volume "all, or nearly all, the descriptions, the similes, the profound reflections that have most vividly impressed them, and may be glad to have in small compass the great thoughts that have become familiar to them." The second of the author's purposes is, in our opinion, more likely to be successfully served than the first, for Dante's best passages are not so easily detached from their context as those of many other poets, and, when they are thus detached, it is doubly hard to make them clear in a translation. Considering the wealth of reflection in the 'Divine Comedy,' it is surprising that the poem does not contain more *sententiæ*, more lines and passages which can stand alone and carry a clear general meaning. But, for various reasons, Dante's style in this respect is very different from Shakspere's, and few of his lines (comparatively speaking) are dissociated in one's memory from the places in which they occur. Some of Mr. Cross's selections will therefore have, in spite of his judicious notes, very little meaning or interest for the general English reader. Students of the poet, on the other hand, will often be grateful for this volume of selections and will turn over its pages with delight. To say that they will occasionally miss their favorite passages (they will look in vain, for example, for the description of Leah and Rachel in the Earthly Paradise, or for the account of Dante's last glimpse of Beatrice in heaven, or for the hymn to the Virgin at the end of the "Paradiso"), is only to say that no two compilers would have chosen alike. Mr. Cross had at least a method in his selection, having taken chiefly, he says, passages "which appeared to breathe more

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of the modern than the mediæval spirit, and for which, therefore, a satisfactory English equivalent might more readily be found."

Penelope's Irish Experiences. By Kate Douglas Wiggin. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1901. Pp. vi, 327.

Penelope and her friends here cross St. George's Channel to Ireland, in search of adventures such as, already recounted concerning England and Scotland, have delighted a large circle of readers. Whether it is that England presents a wider or was a fresher field, after perusal of the present volume we are still of the opinion that Mrs. Riggs's experiences there were the richest. The narrative reads better than when appearing in serial form. We are not compelled to centre ourselves upon particular chapters that may not please, but are left free to choose those which do. The love story intertwined to meet the general taste of readers of light literature is of the most airy character, though it does end to the strains of a bridal march in a cathedral.

The book has its faults. The domestic arrangements at Mrs. Duddy's Hotel and Knockarney House should have been hinted at, not described. Doubtless Mrs. Riggs met such in Ireland, though we never have. But, true or imaginary, they might better have been left unparticularized, like many other mundane horrors. Occasionally, in generalization, our authoress treads on delicate ground. In so far as Irishmen, high or low, may appear different from the inhabitants of other countries, it is less in the blood than in the surroundings. And Alfred Austin is a singularly unsafe guide in Irish generalizations. Mrs. Riggs was never more mistaken than when fancying that "there is scarcely a country on the map in which one could be more foolish without being found out." There are, in truth, no keener sticklers for proprieties than the Irish peasantry, and the supreme foolishness of travellers who indulge in foolish pranks in Ireland is in supposing they are not seen through.

Our author is singularly happy in the selection of snatches of Irish song and passages from Irish legends woven into her narrative. Some of her touches are inimitable, as in the scene at the railway station, where the porter solemnly announces: "This thrain never shtops! This thrain never shtops!"—or in a village, "wan of the natest towns in the ring of Ireland, for if ye made a slip in the street of it, be the help of God ye were always sure to fall into a public house!" Mrs. Riggs excels in descriptions of the natural beauties of the country:

"In dazzling glory, in richness of color, there is nothing in Nature that we can compare with this [the gorse], loveliest and commonest of all wayside weeds. The gleaming wealth of the Klondyke would make but a poor show beside a single Irish hedgerow; one would think that Mother Earth had stored in her bosom all the sunniest gleams of bygone summers, and was now giving them back to the sun king from whom she borrowed them."

She has genuine appreciation of and feeling for the people:

"All is silent, and the blue haze of the peat smoke curls up from the thatch. Lisdara's young people have mostly gone to the Big Country; and how many tears have dropped on the path we are treading, as Peggy and Mary, Cormac and Miles, with a wooden box in the donkey-cart behind them, or perhaps with only a bundle hanging from a blackthorn stick, have come down the hill to seek their fortune. . . . They are used to poverty and hardship and hunger, and, although they are going quite penniless to a new country, sure it can be no worse than the old."

Penelope must have been in Ireland but a short year ago from the date at which we write. All appeared loyalty and enthusiasm concerning the Queen. She has passed from earth. The Irish question again stands out in some of its grimmest features. It is well we have writings in "lighter vein," such as this, to enliven our thoughts concerning the "Dark Rosaleen."

New York in Fiction. By Arthur Bartlett Maurice. Dodd, Mead & Co.

"How much Art has done for Nature," exclaimed an old lady on hearing a modern decorator gush over the ignored pussy-willow of her own youth. So might one say of Mr. Maurice's 'New York in Fiction,' "How much story-writers have done for this city!" After reading the exhaustive bibliography of its fiction and the exhaustive identifications of sites and buildings and cafés and dwellings with those mentioned in the works of the New York school, from Hopkinson Smith to E. W. Townsend (with references to a few ancients like Cooper and Irving), one almost feels that these gentlemen invented New York, so vital it appears to determine in what house on Washington Square Crawford's Lauderdales lived, and where Chimmie Fadden abode after becoming footman to "His Whiskers." The writer has a message and a prophecy, to the effect that the coming great American novel ought to be, and will be a novel of politics, and sighs for the writer who will draw fulness of inspiration from the boarding-house. Meantime, his principal office is that of guide, and, we fancy, a trustworthy one. He and his pretty volume, with its many attractive photographs, take us equally through New York and through its modern literature. It will doubtless inspire its readers to exploratory prowls, their Brander Matthews and Richard Harding Davis in hand like so many red Baedekers, while they insert mental tablets in the walls of the flat-house where Neuman murdered his betrothed, and upon the path where took place the runaway described in 'The Honourable Peter Stirling.' And this will be as it should, since Mr. Maurice says that if his book "provokes one reader to a closer acquaintance with the rear tenements of New York, it will not have lived in vain."

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Adams, J. C. Nature Studies in Berkshire. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.50.
Altsheler, J. A. The Wilderness Road. D. Appleton & Co. $1.50.
Archer, William. The Prose Dramas of Henrik Ibsen: The League of Youth. London: Walter Scott; New York: Scribners. $1.
Arnold, Augusta F. The Sea Beach at Ebb Tide. Century Co. $2.40.
Atkinson, G. F. First Studies of Plant Life. Boston: Ginn & Co. 70 cents.
Bailey, H. C. My Lady of Orange. Longmans, Green & Co. $1.25.
Bartz, U. S. Studies in Eschatology; or, Existence after Death. Abbey Press. 50 cents.
Bezanger, Gilbert. Outlaw Lyrics. Montreal: Published by the Author.
Bignell, Effie. Mr. Chupes and Miss Jenny: The Life Story of Two Robins. The Baker & Taylor Co. $1.
Boardman, W. H. The Lovers of the Woods. McClure, Phillips & Co.
Bolles, A. S. American Finance. The American Banker. $1.50.
Brewster, C. B. Aspects of Revelation. Longmans, Green, & Co.
Callahan, J. M. The Diplomatic History of the Southern Confederacy. Baltimore: Johns Hopkins Press. $1.50.
Carmichael, Montgomery. In Tuscany. London: John Murray; New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $3.
Cotes, Mrs. Everard. The Crow's Nest. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.25.
De Koven, Mrs. R. By the Waters of Babylon. Chicago: H. S. Stone & Co.
Devine, E. T. The Practice of Charity. Lentilhon & Co. 65 cents.
Flandrau, C. M. The Diary of a Freshman. Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.50.
Gerard, Dorothea. The Supreme Crime. T. Y. Crowell. $1.50.
Goodrich, W. F. The Economic Disposal of Towns' Refuse. London: P. S. King & Son; New York: John Wiley & Sons.
Gordon, Julien. His Letters. D. Appleton & Co. $1.50.
Hancock, A. E. Henry Bourland. Macmillan. $1.50.
Hewlett, Maurice. Earthwork out of Tuscany. New ed. Macmillan. $1.50.
Hope, Anthony. Father Stafford. H. Holt & Co.
Jellinek, Georg. The Declaration of the Rights of Man and of Citizens. H. Holt & Co.
Kennedy, Sara B. Joscelyn Cheshire. Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.50.
Knight, A. M. Modern Seamanship. D. Van Nostrand Co. $6.
Leiningen-Westerburg, Karl Emich, Count zu. German Book-plates. London: George Bell & Sons; New York: Macmillan. $4.
Lockwood, C. B. Appendicitis: Its Pathology and Surgery. Macmillan. $2.50.
London, Jack. The God of his Fathers, and Other Stories. McClure, Phillips & Co. $1.50.
Lyttelton, R. H. Out-Door Games: Cricket and Golf. London: J. M. Dent & Co.; Macmillan. $3.
Maclean, Magnus. Exercises in Natural Philosophy. Longmans, Green & Co. $1.50.
Maeterlinck, Maurice. The Life of the Bee. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.40.
Magruder, Julia. A Sunny Southerner. Boston: L. C. Page & Co. $1.25.
Mankowski, Mary de. Ten Years in Cossack Slavery. Abbey Press. $1.25.
Marx, Karl. Value, Price, and Profit. New York Labor News Co. 50 cents.
Massee, George. A Text-Book of Plant Diseases Caused by Cryptogamic Parasites. London: Duckworth & Co.; New York. Macmillan. $1.60.
Merriman, H. S. The Money Spinner. A. Mackel & Co.
Mirick, Henrietta A. Oral Lesson Book in Hygiene. American Book Co. $1.
Montgomery, D. H. The Leading Facts of English History. New ed. Ginn & Co. $1.12.
Nathan, Paul. How to Make Money in the Printing Business. Lotus Press.
Nettleton, G. H. Specimens of the Short Story. H. Holt & Co.
Oxenham, John. Our Lady of Deliverance. H. Holt & Co.
Palmer, F. H. E. Russian Life in Town and Country. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.20.
Paret, J. P. The Woman's Book of Sports. D. Appleton & Co. $1.50.
Parker, E. H. China: Her History, Diplomacy, and Commerce. E. P. Dutton & Co. $3.
Peterson, Maud H. The Potter and the Clay. Boston: Lothrop Pub. Co. $1.50.
Pierson, Clara D. Among the Pond People. E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.25.
Prescott, A. B., and Johnson, O. C. Qualitative Chemical Analysis. New ed. D. Van Nostrand Co. $3.50.
Ranck, G. W. Boonesborough. (Filson Club Publications.) Louisville: John P. Morton & Co. $3.
Ridgeway, William. The Early Age of Greece. Vol. I. London: C. J. Clay & Sons; New York: Macmillan. $5.
Robson, P. A. Saint David's. (Bell Cathedral Series.) London: George Bell & Sons. 1s. 6d.
Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám (FitzGerald). (Flowers of Parnassus, ix.) John Lane.
Schultze, Arthur, and Sevenoak, F. L. Plane and Solid Geometry. Macmillan. $1.10.
Schumacher, C. A. The Voice of the Pine. R. H. Russell.
Sergi, G. The Mediterranean Race: A Study of the Origin of European Peoples. London: Walter Scott; New York: Scribners. $1.50.
Sharpe, R. R. Calendar of Letter-Books (City of London): Letter-Book C. London: Published by the City.
Sheldon, W. D. A Second-Century Satirist; or, Dialogues and Stories from Lucian of Samosata. Philadelphia: Drexel Biddle.
Shuckburgh, Evelyn S. A Short History of the Greeks. London: C. J. Clay & Sons; New York: Macmillan. $1.10.
Simonds, W. E. Whither? A Study of Immortality. J. B. Alden. $1.
Stewart, Agnes G. The Academic Gregories. (Famous Scots Series.) Scribners. 75 cents.
Straus, O. S. The Origin of the Republican Form of Government in the United States of America. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.25.
Tarr, R. S., and McMurry, F. M. Europe and Other Continents. (3d book.) Macmillan. 75 cents.
Tenney, E. P. The Dream of Youth. Boston: Lothrop Pub. Co. $1.
Thomas, R. M. Trewern: A Tale of the Thirties. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 6s.
Tomlinson, E. T. Old Fort Schuyler. Philadelphia: American Baptist Publication Society. $1.25.
Turnbull, A. R. R. Tales from Natal. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 3s. 6d.
Venable, W. H. A Dream of Empire. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.50.
Woodward, W. H. An Outline History of the British Empire from 1500 to 1870. London: C. J. Clay & Sons; New York: Macmillan. 1s. 6d.
Worcester, Elwood. The Book of Genesis in the Light of Modern Knowledge. McClure, Phillips & Co. $3.
Wright, Mabel O. Flowers and Ferns in their Haunts. Macmillan.
Young, William. Wishmakers' Town. New ed. R. H. Russell.

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